

90 pp

3509

Catharine Sherby's Music Book.  
Bethle Dec. 19<sup>th</sup>  
1792.



af-



*Favorite for Charles by N. C. Moller.*







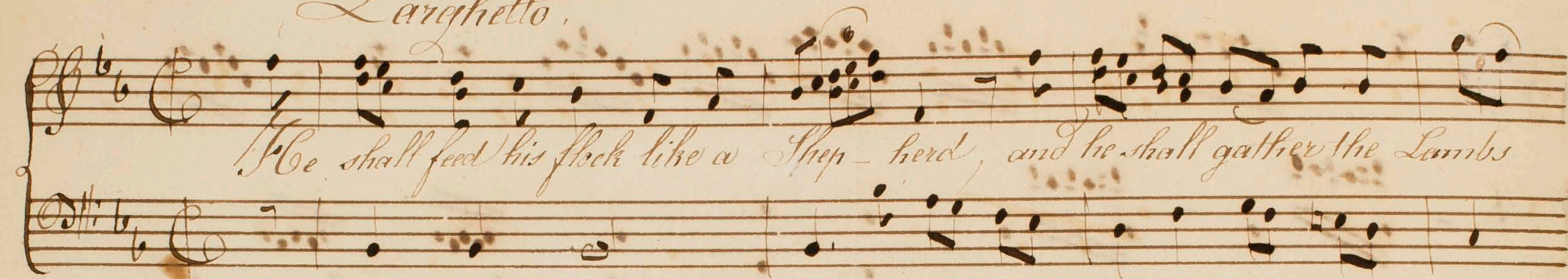


This image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged, yellowed paper. The notation is arranged in six systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The music is written in a historical style, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The first five systems contain complex musical passages with many beamed notes and rests. The sixth system concludes with a double bar line and the word "Finis." written in a decorative, cursive script. There are some stains and foxing on the paper, particularly in the center and bottom right.

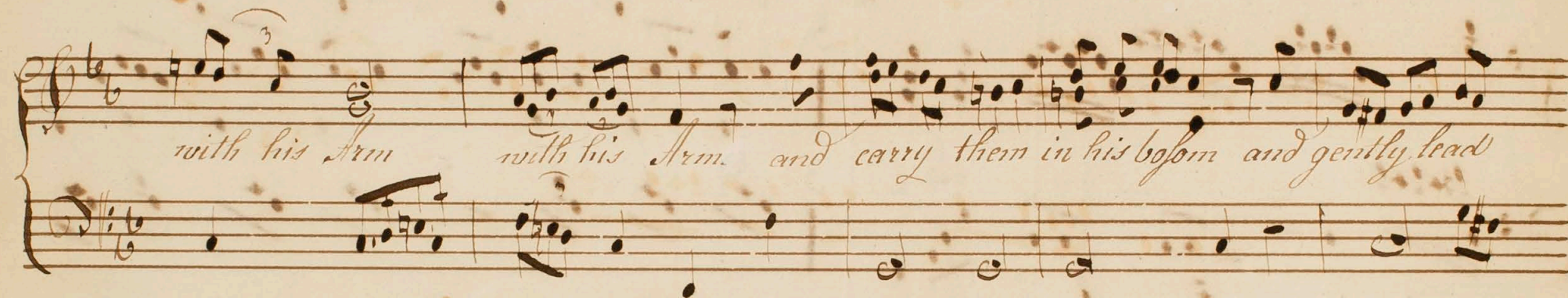
*Finis.*



*Larghetto.*



He shall feed his flock like a Shep-herd, and he shall gather the Lambs



with his Arm with his Arm and carry them in his bosom and gently lead



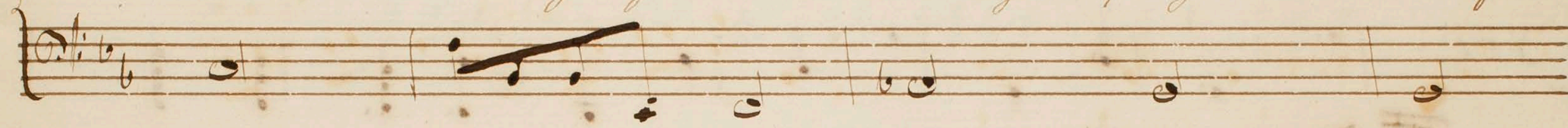
those that are with young and gently <sup>lead.</sup> and gently lead those that are with Young.



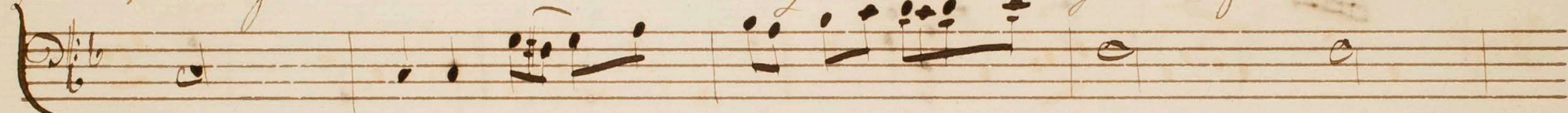
Come unto him all ye that Labour come unto him ye that are heavy



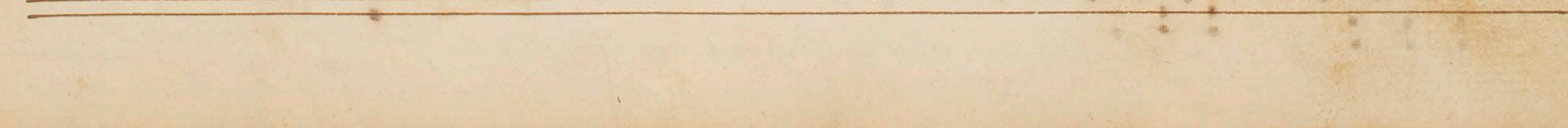
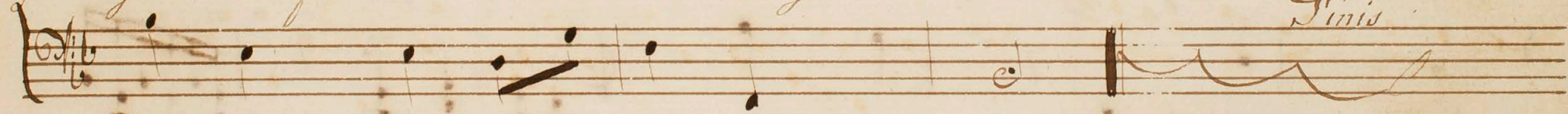
listen and he will give you rest take his yoke upon you and learn of



him for he is meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest and

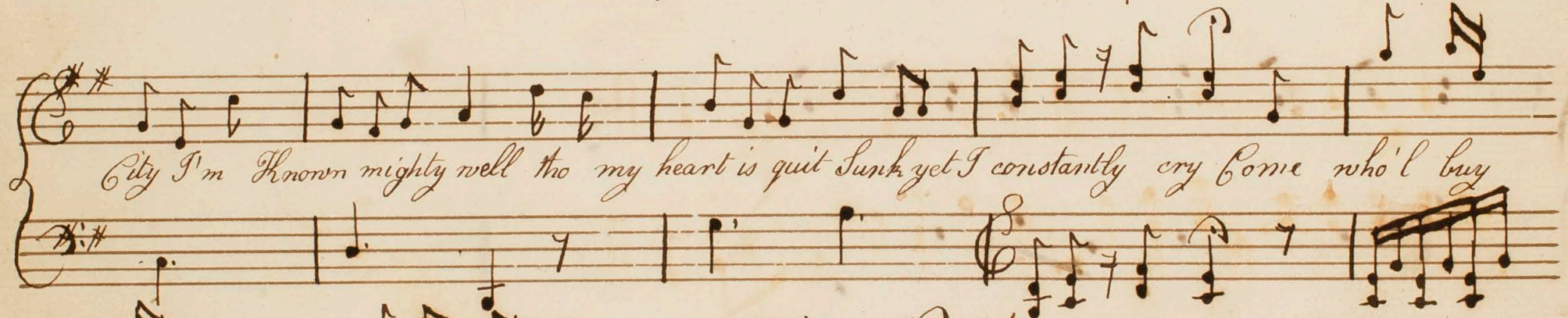
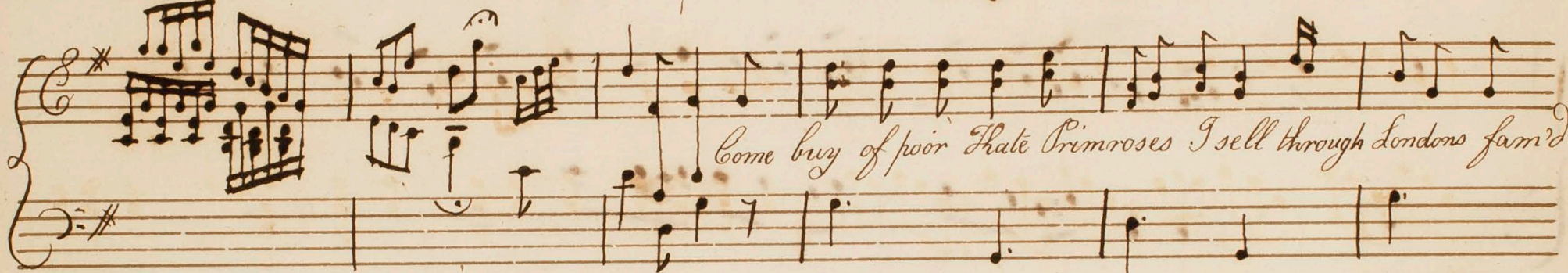
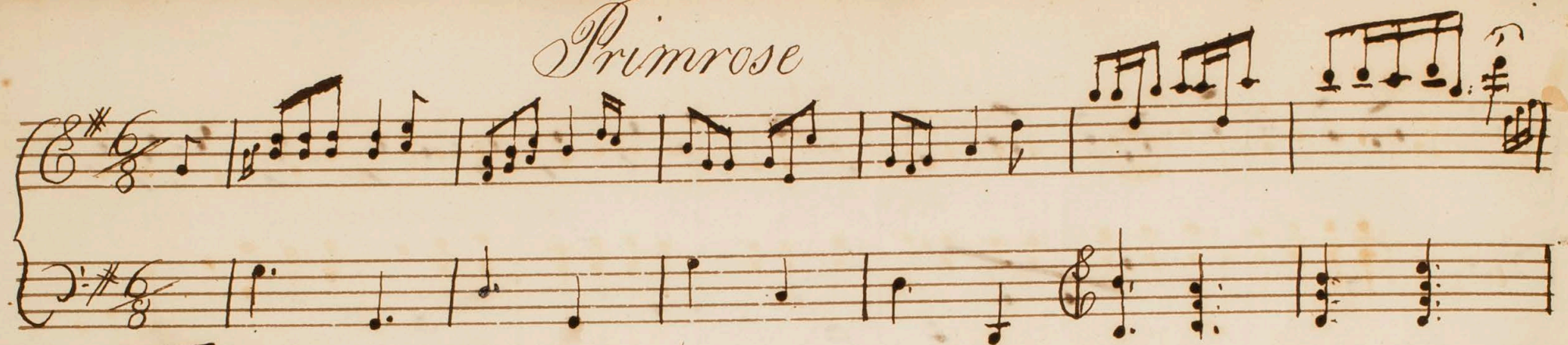


ye shall find rest unto your souls





# Primrose

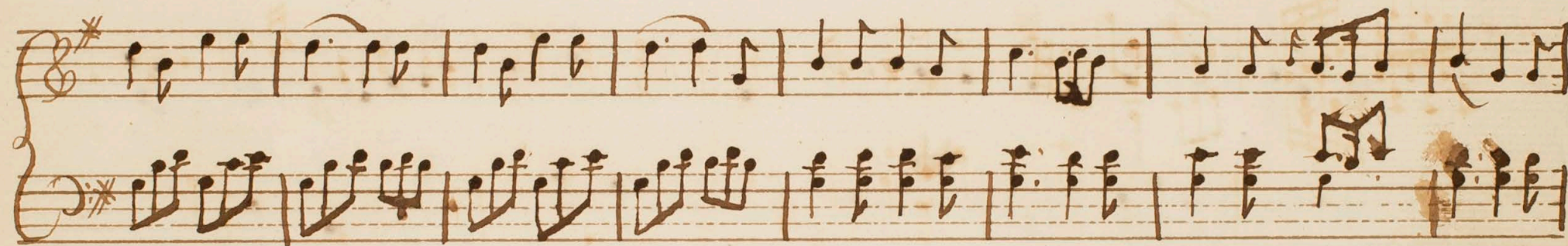
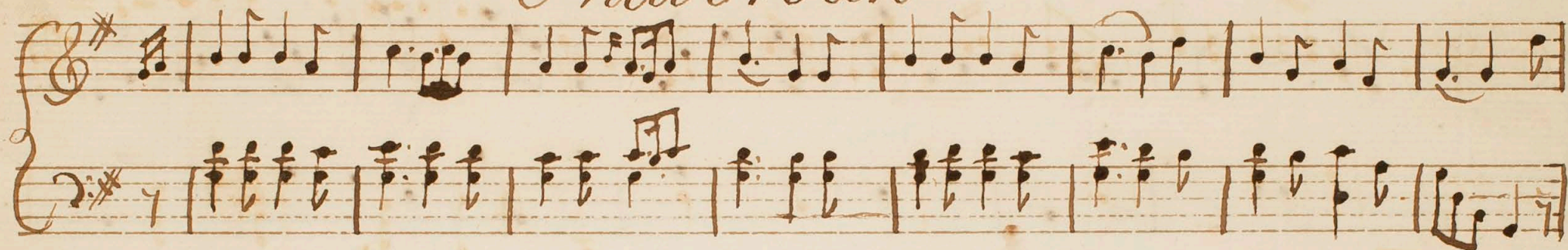


Friends parents I've none I'm look'd on with scorn  
 Ah better for me had I never been born  
 Tho' poor I am honest & oft heave the sigh  
 Who'll buy my primroses who'll buy who'll buy

If pity to Virtue were ever allied  
 The tear of compassion ne'er yet was denied  
 To pity poor Kate who plain lively cries  
 Who buys my primroses who buys who buys



# Mallrouk



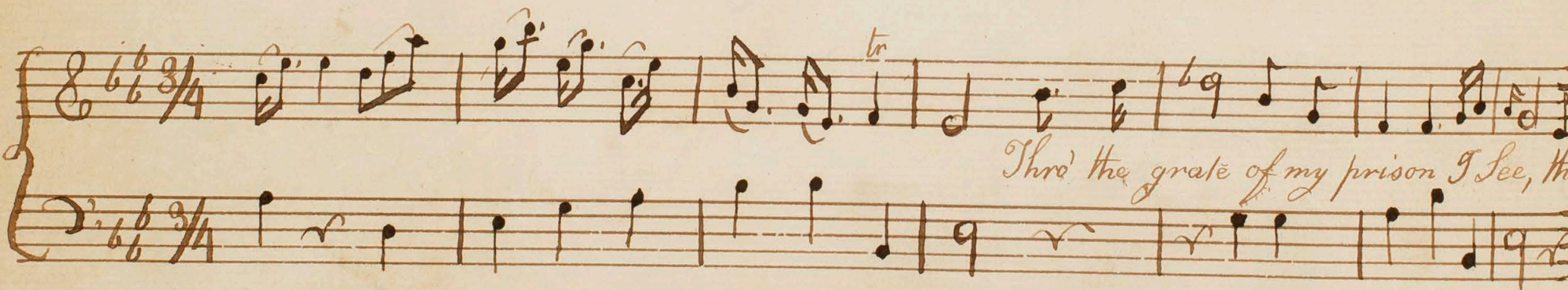
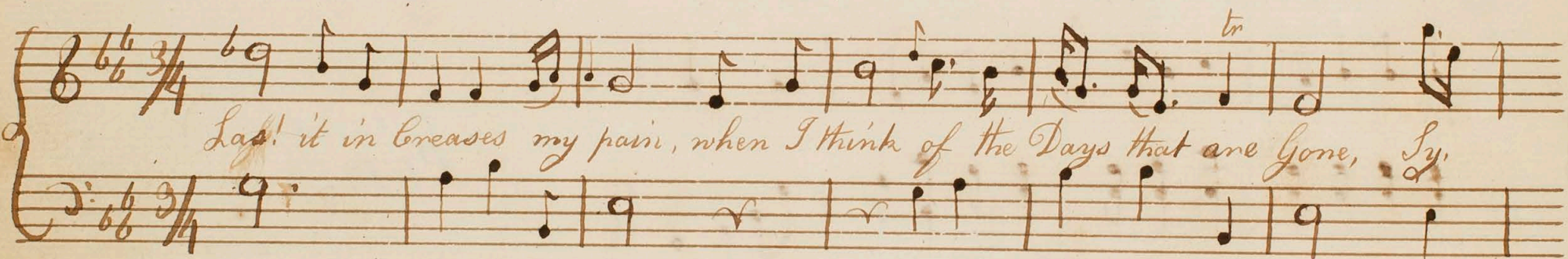
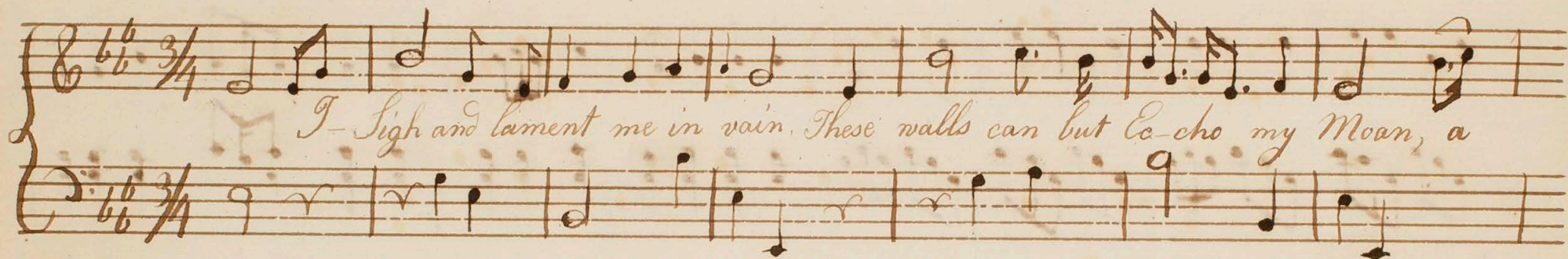
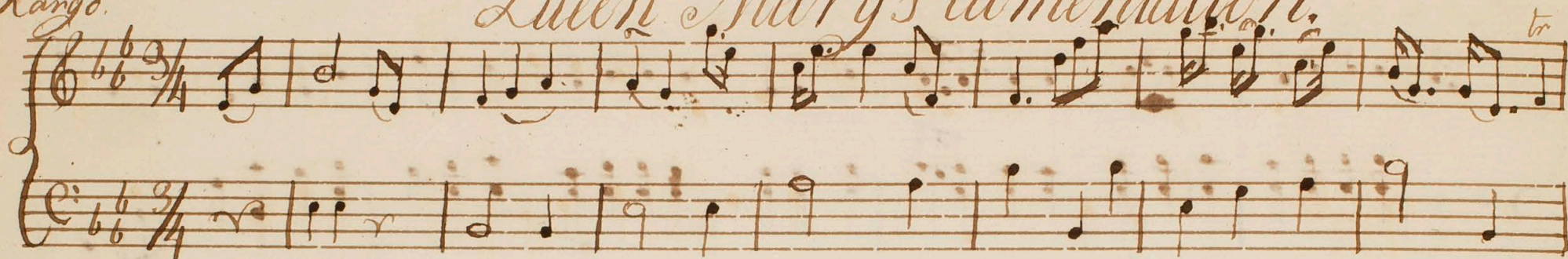
*Finis*





*Largo.*

# Queen Mary's Lamentation.





Birds as they wanton in air, my Heart how it pants to be free, my Looks they are

wild with despair.

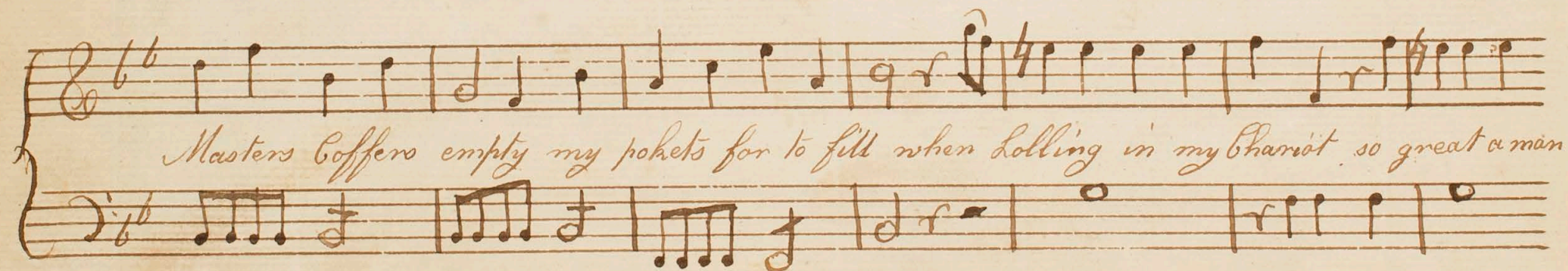
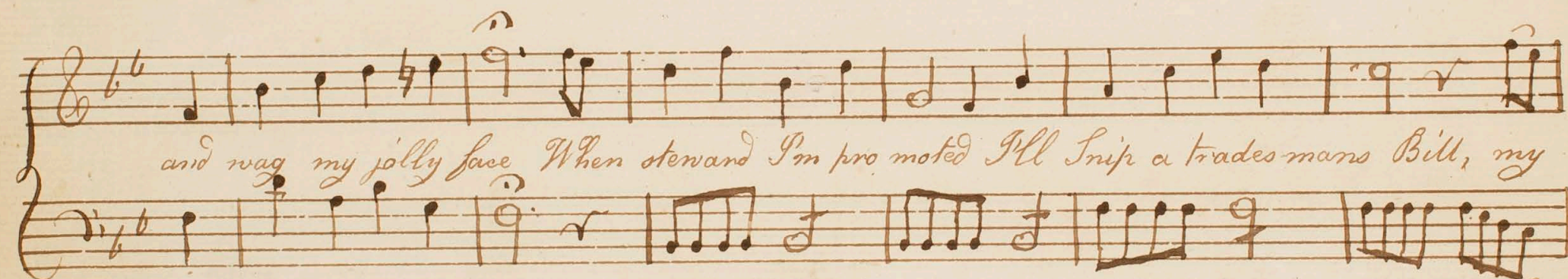
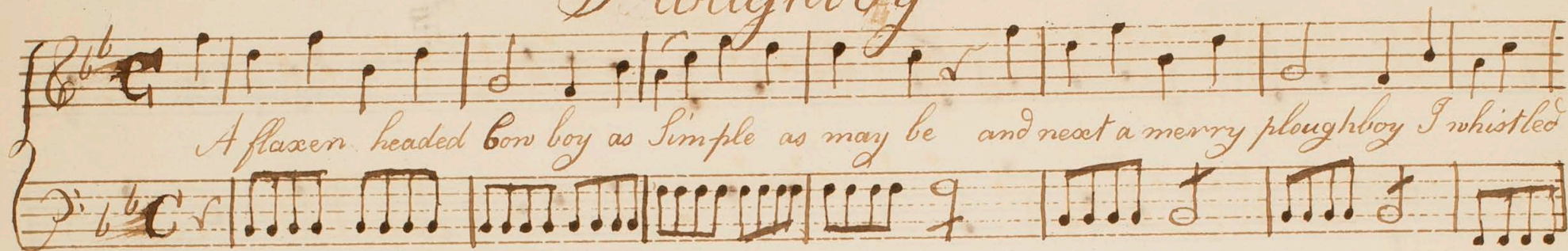
Timp

2.  
 Above the oppress'd by my fate,  
 I burn with contempt for my foes  
 Though fortune has altered my state  
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.  
 False woman, in ages to come  
 Thy malice detested shall be  
 And when we are cold in the tomb  
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

3.  
 Ye roofs were cold damps and dismay  
 With silence and solitude dwell;  
 How comfortless passes the day,  
 How sad tolls the evening bell.  
 The owls from the battlements cry,  
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around  
 O Mary, prepare thee to die,  
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.



# Ploughboy





I'll be, so great a man so great a man I'll be you'll forget the Little plough boy that

whistled o'er the lea you'll forget the little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea; Finis

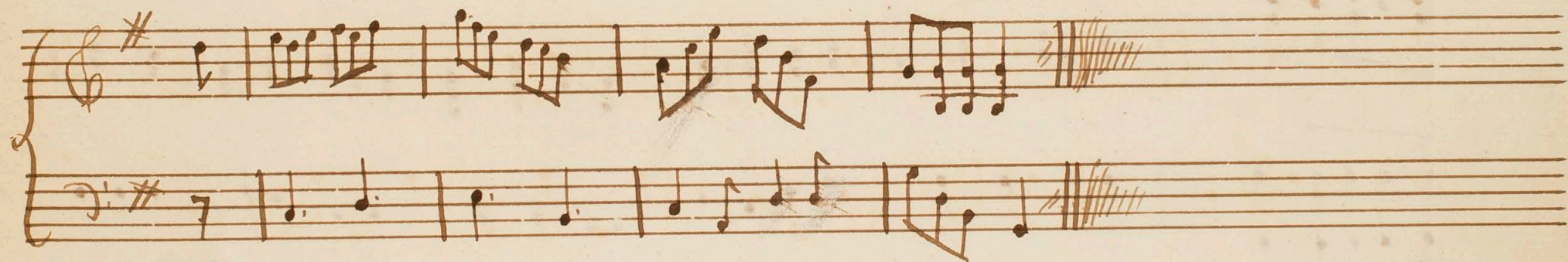
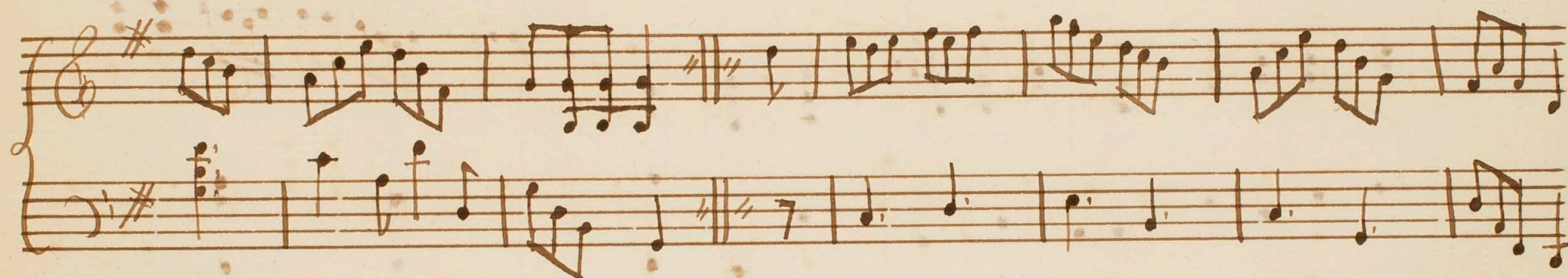
V. 2<sup>nd</sup>  
 I'll lay votes at elections, but when I've made the jelf,  
 I'll stand poll for the parliament, and vote in myself  
 What ever's good for-me, Sir, I never will oppose  
 When all my eyes are sold off, Why then I'll sell my Noes,  
 I'll joke, harangue and paragraph, with Speeches charm the ear,  
 And when I'm tir'd on my legs, then I'll sit down a peer,  
 In court, or City honour, So great a Man I'll be,  
 You'll forget the little ploughboy that whistled o'er the lea.



# Allegro

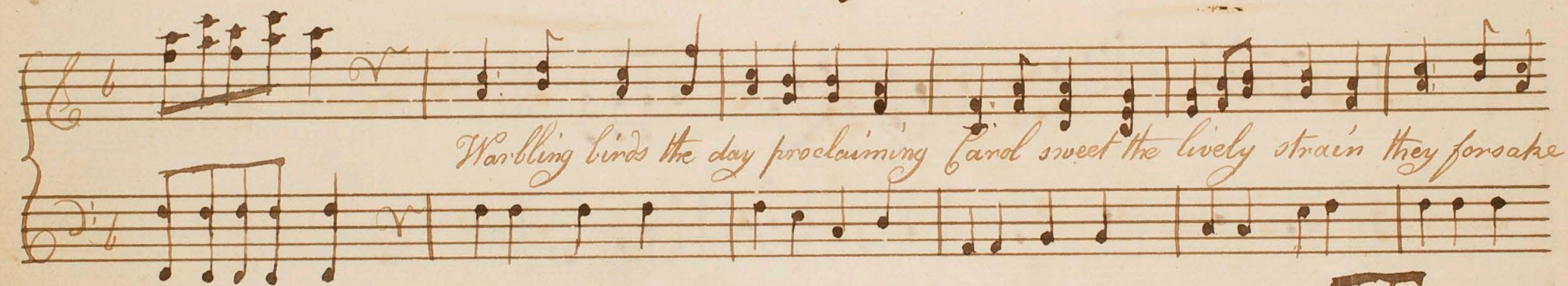
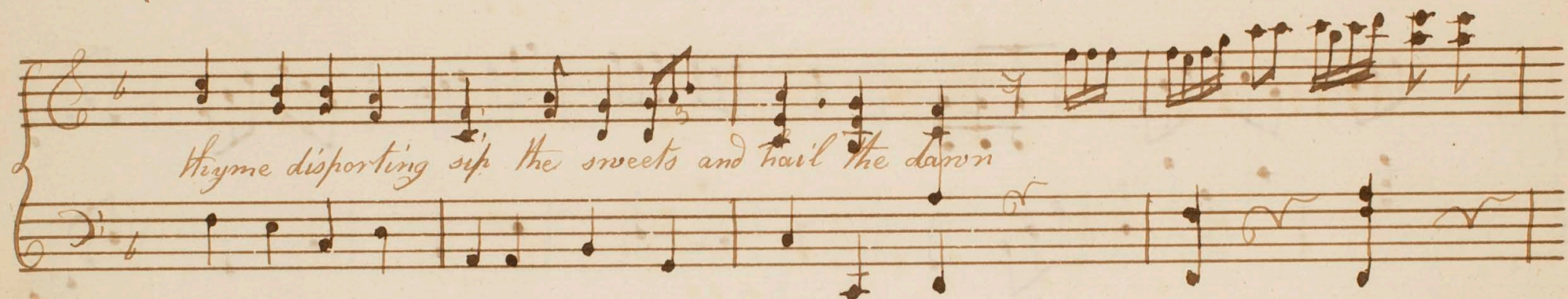
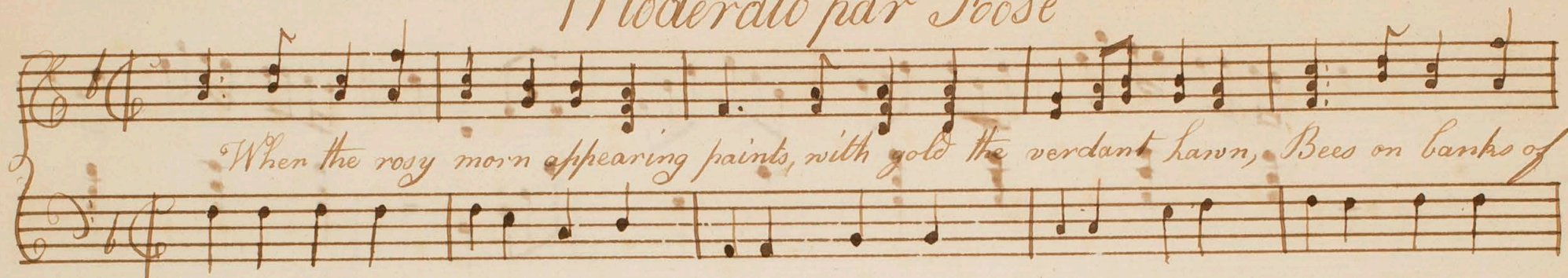
A handwritten musical score on aged, yellowed paper. The title "Allegro" is written in a large, elegant cursive script at the top center. The score consists of six systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs joined by a brace). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation is in brown ink. The first system includes a small "dc" marking above the first measure. The second system includes a "tr" marking above the fourth measure. The third system includes a "4" marking above the eighth measure. The fourth system includes a "4" marking above the eighth measure. The fifth system includes a "4" marking above the eighth measure. The sixth system includes a "4" marking above the eighth measure. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The paper shows signs of age, including foxing and slight discoloration.







# Moderato par Foose





See content the humble gleaner, take the scatter'd ears that fall Nature all her

Children viewing, kindly bounteous Cares for all Da Capo — — — — —

The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing call'd light which I can ne'er enjoy

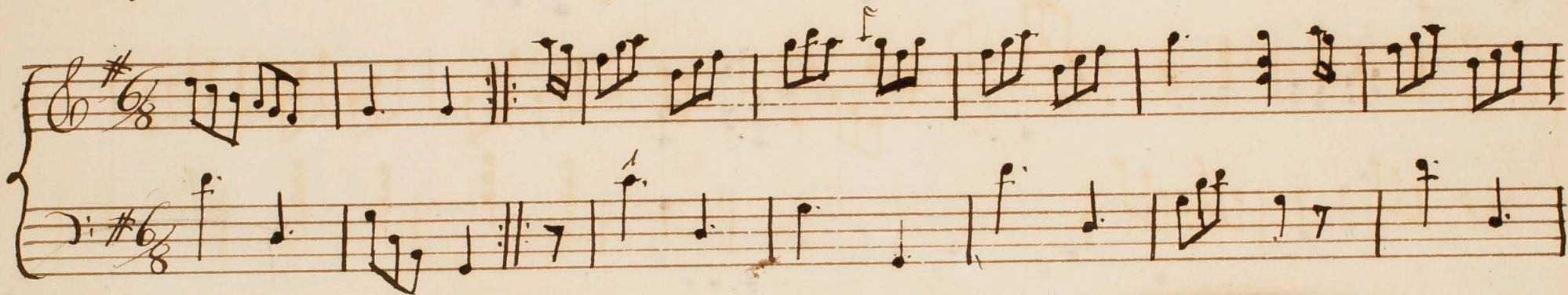
What is the blessing of the sight? O tell, tell your poor blind boy

*2<sup>nd</sup>* You talk of wondrous things you see  
 You say the sun shines bright  
 I feel him warm — but how can he  
 Then make — make it day or night

My Day or night might I make  
 When I sleep or play  
 And could I always keep awake  
 It would be always day —



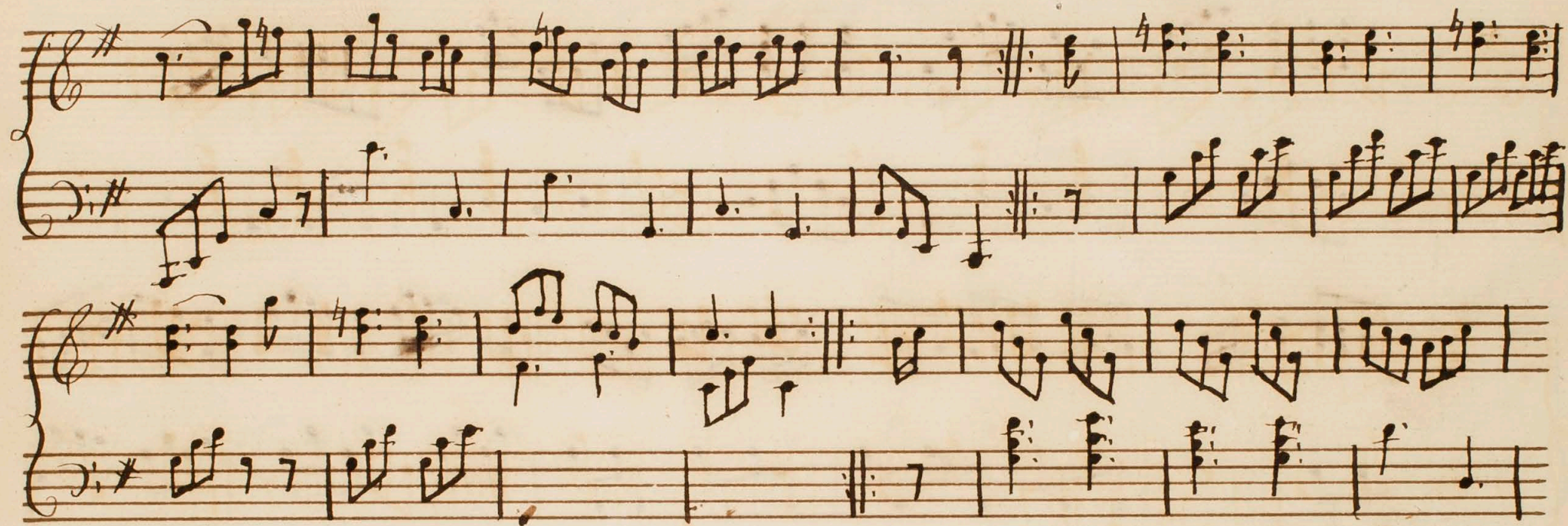
# Gigue



With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourning my hopelesse woe  
But sure with patience I may bear  
A lope I never can know

Then let not what I cannot have  
My peace of mind destroy  
While thus I sing I am a King  
Altho' a poor little Boy



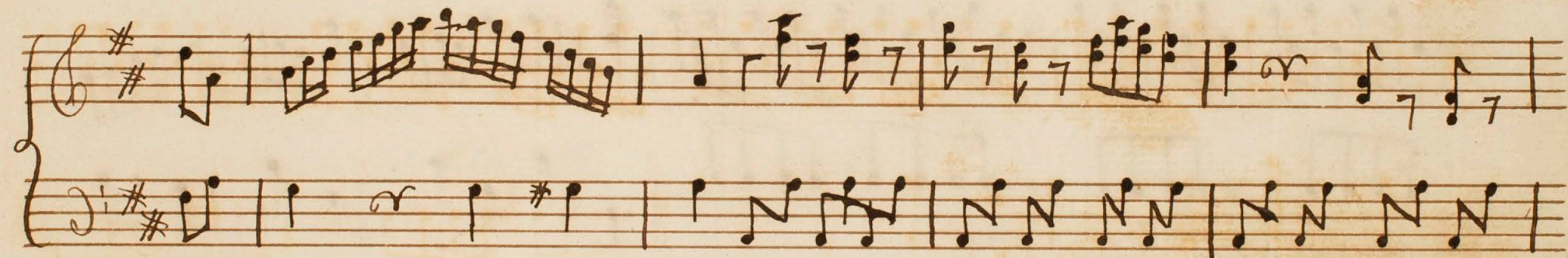




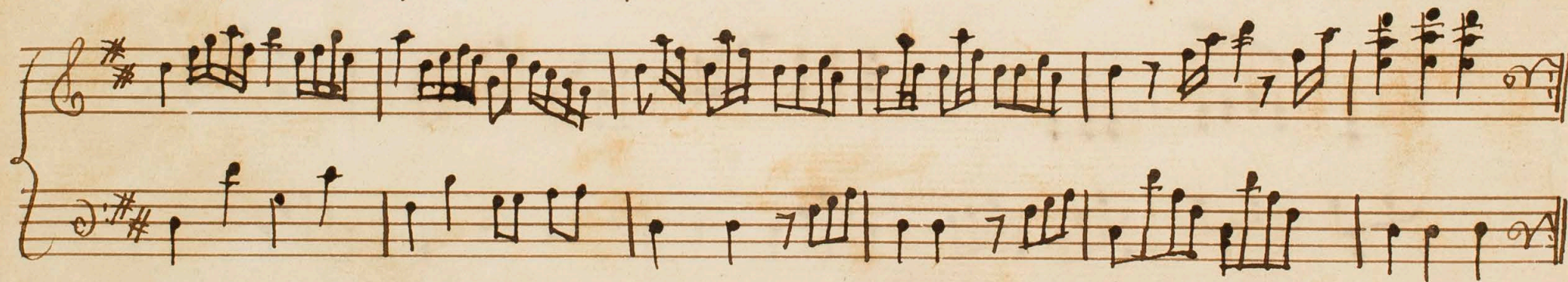
*Allegro con Spirito*

Handwritten musical score for a piano piece titled "Allegro con Spirito". The score is written on eight staves, organized into four systems of two staves each. The key signature is D major (two sharps: F# and C#). The time signature is common time (C). The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano) and "f" (forte). The handwriting is in brown ink on aged, slightly stained paper. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble and a supporting line in the bass. The second system continues the melody with some chromaticism. The third system features a more complex, rapid melodic passage in the treble. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish in the treble and a sustained bass line.



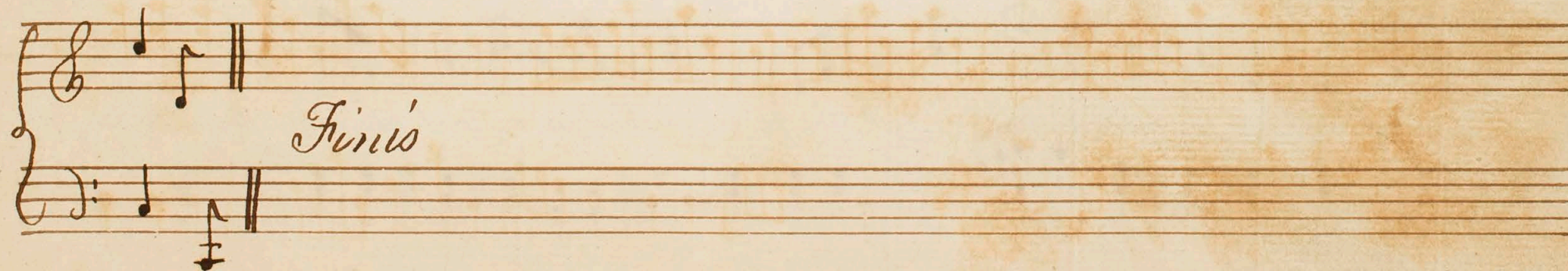
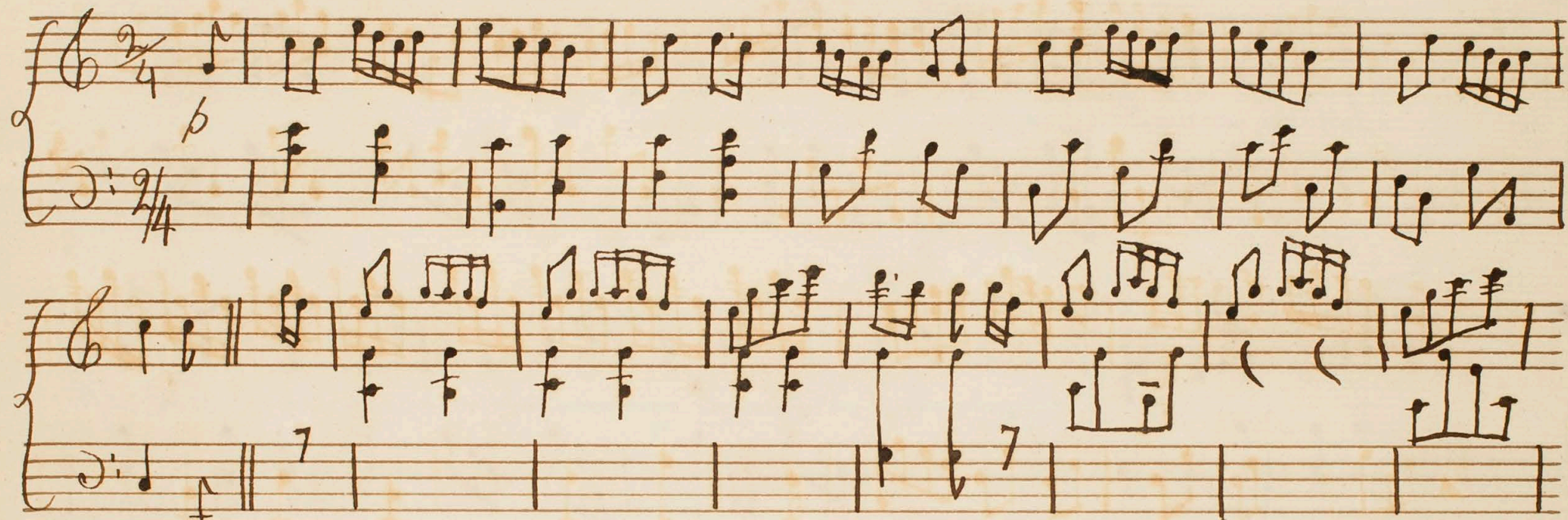






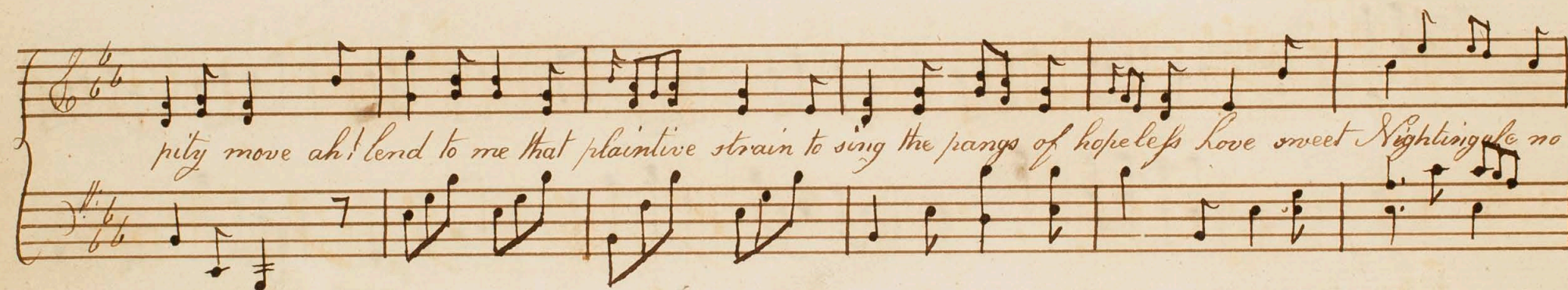
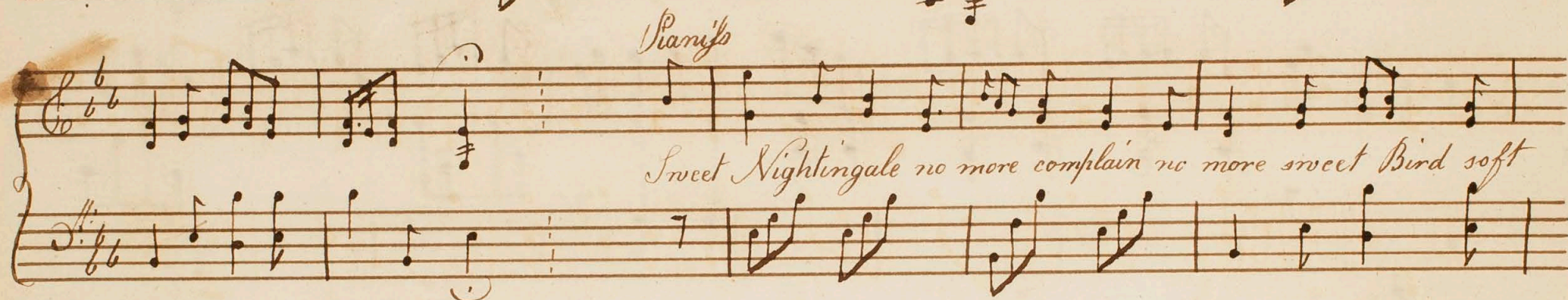


# La Belle Catherine





# The Nightingale.





the pangs of hopeless love, sweet Nightingale no more complain no more sweet Bird soft pity


move, Ah! lend to me that plaintive strain to sing the pangs of hopeless love.

*Fine.* While blest beside thy truefull maid thy little bosom

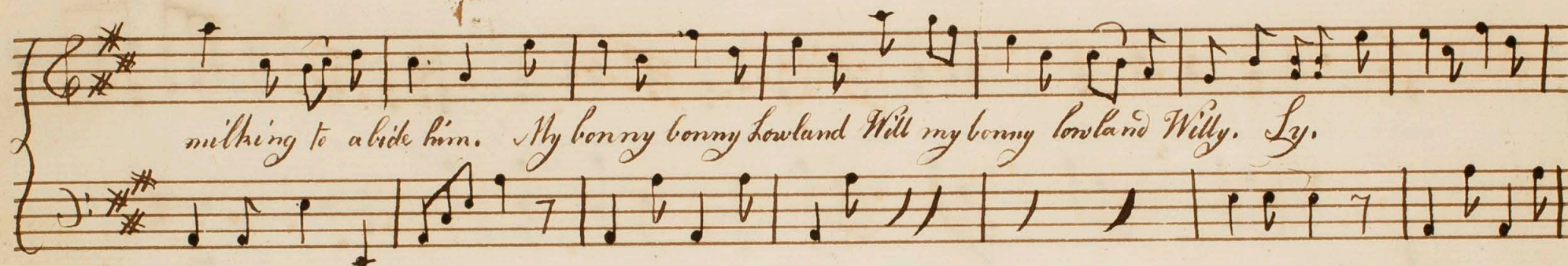
knows no pain, tis mine to mourn condemn'd by fate to love like thee yet love in vain to love like thee yet love in vain



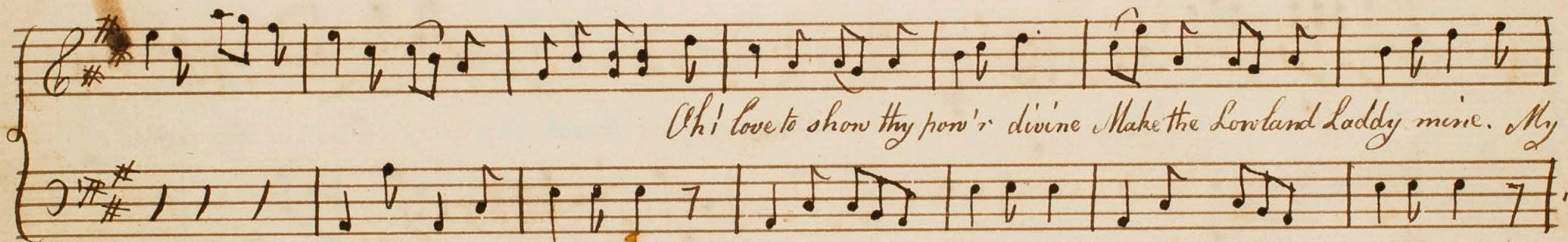
# Lowland Willy.



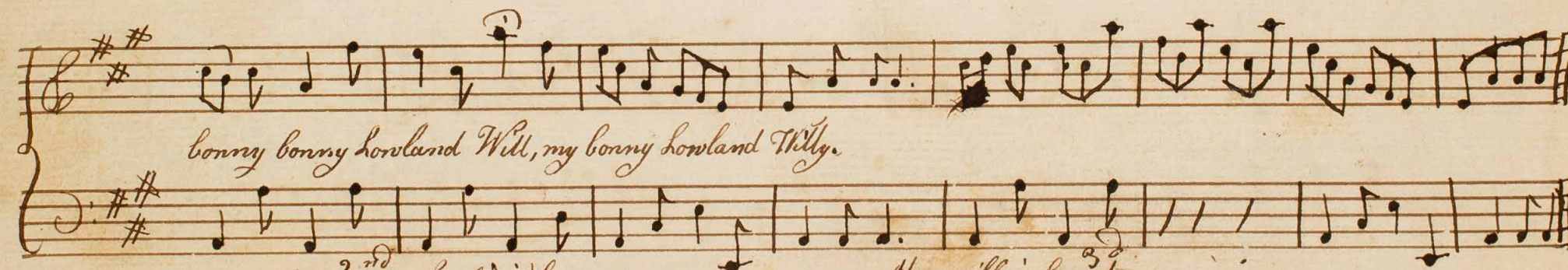
When o'er the dawns at early day, My lowland Willy hied him, With joy I drove my sons that way In



milking to abide him. My bonny bonny lowland Will my bonny lowland Willy. Ly.



Oh! love to show thy pow'r divine Make the Lowland Laddy mine. My



bonny bonny lowland Will, my bonny lowland Willy.

I was o'er the dawns <sup>2<sup>nd</sup></sup> he first began  
To tell how well he lov'd me,  
Could I refuse the charming man  
Ah! no his passion mov'd me. my bonny &c

My willy's love to me is joy  
I soon believe me  
To hark I'll hie me with the Boy,  
For he will ne'er deceive me. My Pr may &c.



# Sweet Tyrant Love

Handwritten musical score for the first system of the song "Sweet Tyrant Love". It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "Sweet tyrant Love" are written in cursive below the treble staff.

Sweet tyrant Love

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "but hear me now - and cure while young the pleasing smart - Or rather aid my" are written in cursive below the treble staff.

but hear me now - and cure while young the pleasing smart - Or rather aid my

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "trembling vow and teach me to reveal in my smart Or ra - ther aid my trem -" are written in cursive below the treble staff.

trembling vow and teach me to reveal in my smart Or ra - ther aid my trem -

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics "bling vow and teach me to re - veal my heart -" are written in cursive below the treble staff.

bling vow and teach me to re - veal my heart -

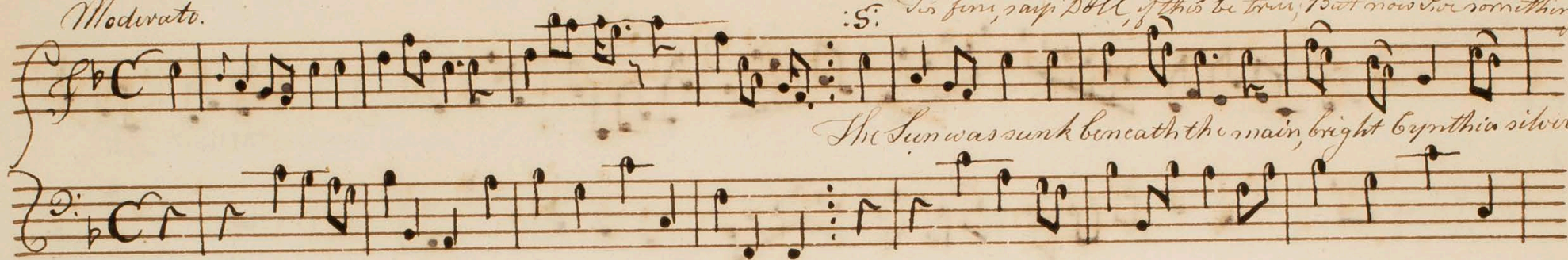


# Dolly

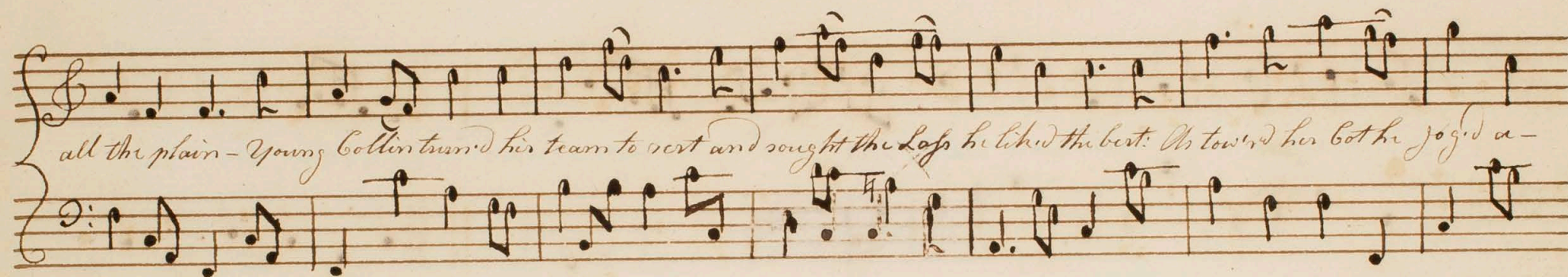
Moderato.

2<sup>nd</sup> verse

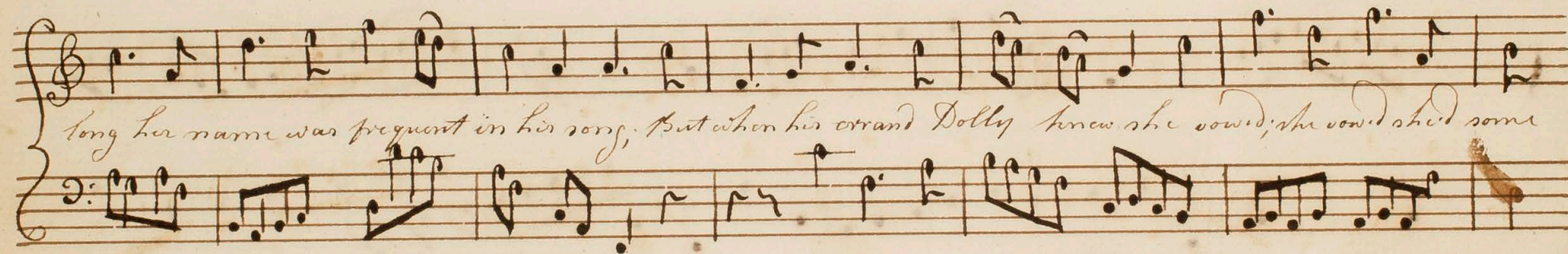
The swan he did esteem her more than any maid he'd seen before  
For tender sight protesting he would constant as the turtle be  
Told much of Death's return and used the arts that learn us  
To find, says Doll, if this be true, But now for something else to do.



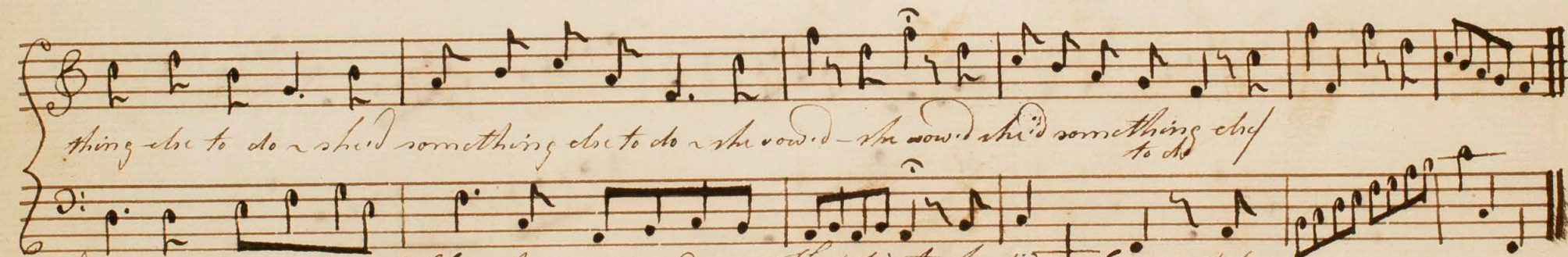
The Sun was sunk beneath the main, bright Cynthia silver'd



all the plain - Young Collin turn'd his team to rest and sought the Lass he liked the best: As toward her cot he jog'd a-



long her name was frequent in his song, But when his errand Dolly knew she coud, she coud shed some



thing else to do - shed something else to do - she coud - she coud shed something else to do

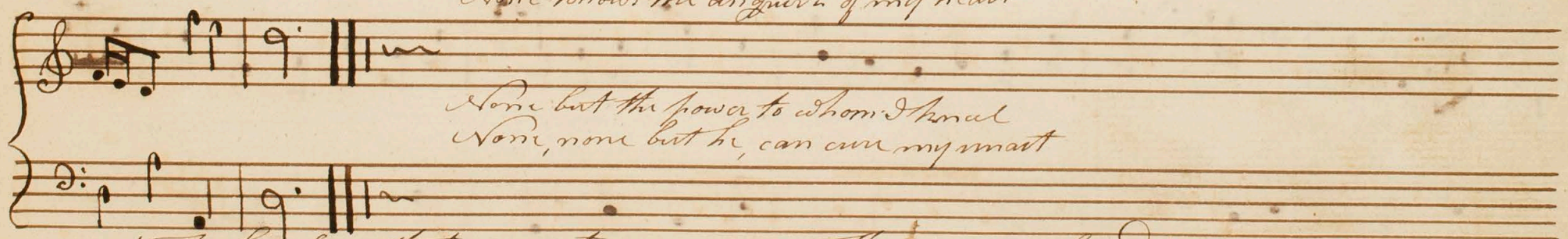
3<sup>rd</sup> Her pride then Collin thus address'd  
Forgive me Doll - I did but test  
To try that kind I'll constant prove  
But think not I shall die for love

The first she did - his courtship, now  
Now Doll began to court in turn  
Dear Collin, I was testing too  
Step in, for nothing else to do



# Why am I doomed

*Largo.*

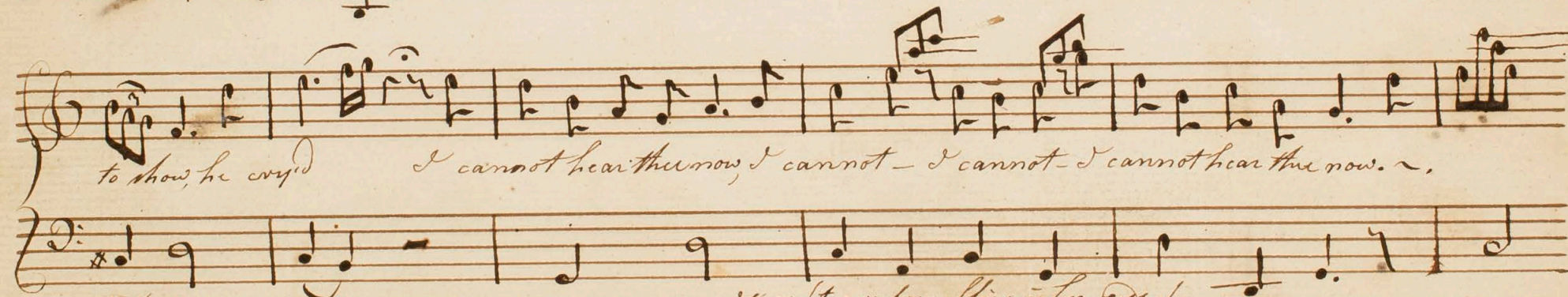
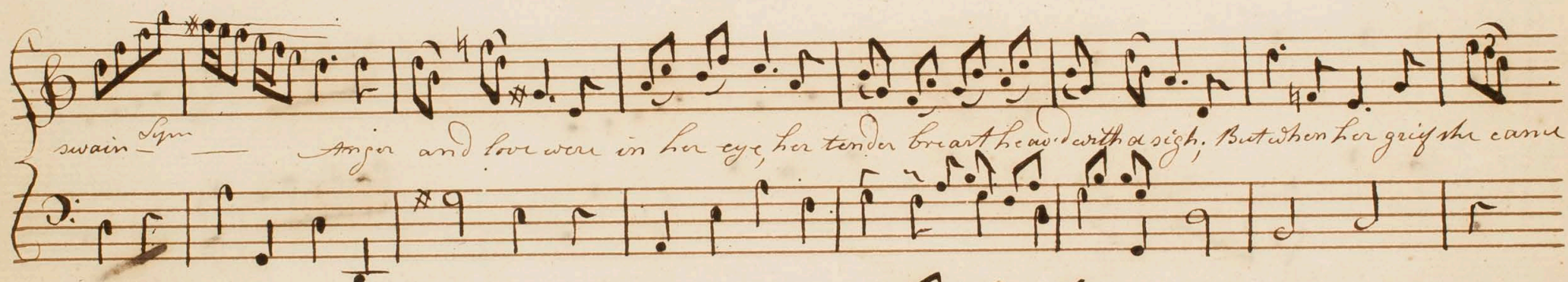
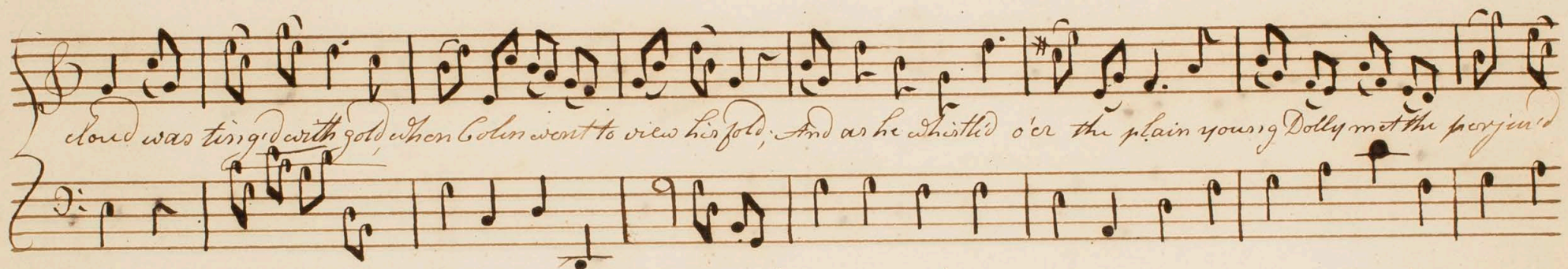


So he alone that can restore  
That darling object of my soul  
Give what he only lent before  
For endless time without controul

Thou time as boundless as my Love  
Shall yield me joy a boundless store  
Till gift and giver one shall prove  
When time and sorrow is no more



# Collin and Dolly



In moving strains she told a tale  
That might o'er any heart prevail  
And when he had forsook her lot  
And was poor Dolly quite forgot

If no tears trembling in her eye  
She said she'd sit her down and die  
Do no say Colin for I now  
My dear I cannot hear thee now



Repentment kindling o'er her cheek  
Says she, another love I'll seek  
Damon will prize these slighted chains  
And kindly take them to his arms

The swain whom honor could not move  
By Jealousy was wak'd to love  
Says he my dear forgive my vow  
I think I'll stay and hear thee now.





# Henry's Cottage Maid

(By Pleyel)



Al! where can



fly my souls true love! - Sad I wander this lone grove; Sighs and tears for him I shed,



Henry is from <sup>his</sup> Laura fled.

This love to me thou didst impart - Thy



love soon won my <sup>virgin</sup> tender heart. But dearest Henry thou'rt betrayed



Sep 11

Thy Love with thy poor Cottage Maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears / Oft thy image in my theme  
 Sighing sad with heavy tears / As I wander on the green

See from my cheek the color gone / For Oh! Dearest Henry thou'rt betray'd  
 And Love's sweet hope within me dies / Thy Love with thy Dear Cottage Maid.

Oft' I've tripp'd along the Mead, But ah! the Moments of delight  
 Dancing to the Oaten reed; from me alas! have wing'd their flight

Oft, have wander'd thro' the Grove And all the joys of life are o'er  
 Chanting artless strains of love for lo! my Henry is no more

On the plains my flocks I leave, And where, the streamlets as they flow,  
 While in Solitude I grieve; Are soft'ned by the Tears of woe!

Where, each Gale that passes by, And here, my Fate I'll still deplore,  
 From my Bosom takes a sigh: For lo! my Henry is no more



*With lowly suit & plaintive ditty*

*Larghetto*  
*Espressivo*

*Pia*

*Viol*

*With lowly suit and plaintive dit-ty I call the*

*ten-der mind to pi-ty,*

*I call the tender mind to*



*pity* my Friends are gone my heart is beating and chilling pover-ty's my

lot from passing strangers aid in-treating I wander thus alone for-got Relieve my

woes my wants distressing and Heav'n reward you with its blessing for

Here's tales of love and Maids for-sa-ken of battles



*fought and Captives taken the Jovial Tar go boldly sailing or east up-on some desert shore*

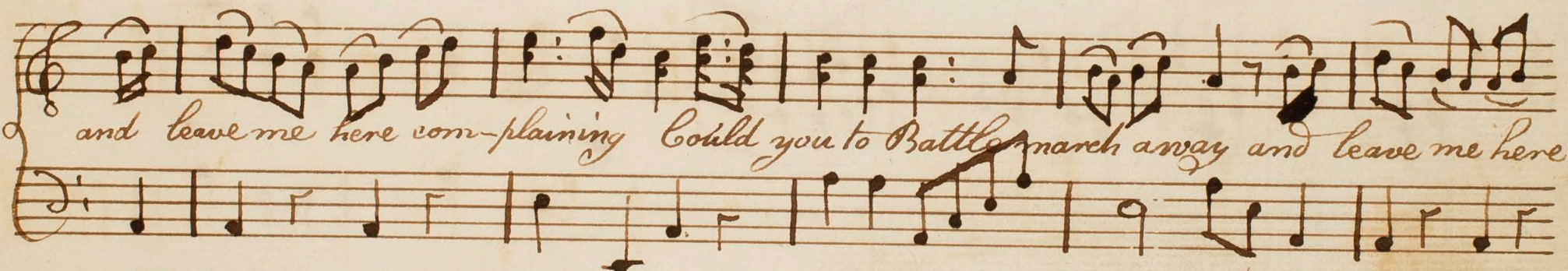
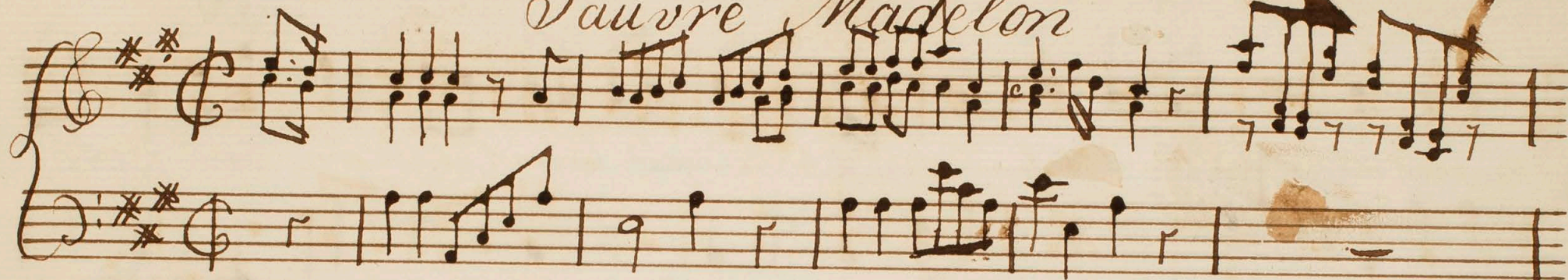
*the hapless Bride his loss be-wai-ling and fearing ne'er to see him more Relieve my*

*woes my wants distressing and Heaven re-ward you with its blessing*

||



# Pauvre Madelon





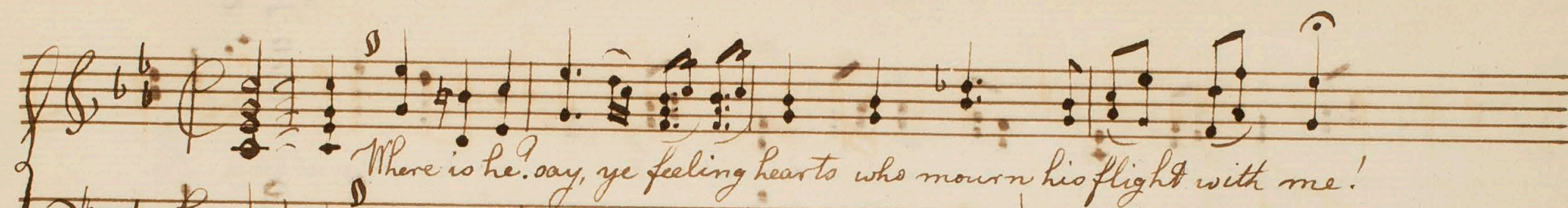
non, non, non, pauvre Madelon, will never quit her no — — — — — ver, Ah

non, non, non, pauvre Madelon will ~~ride~~ ride with you all the world over,

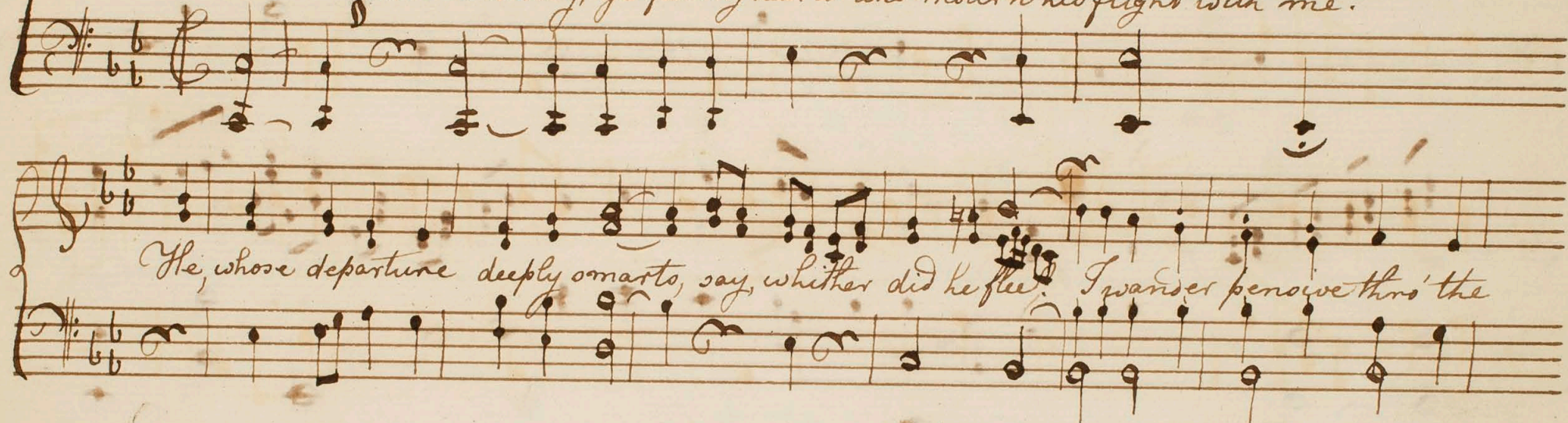
Cheer, cheer my <sup>2</sup> love and do not grieve,  
 A Soldier true you'll find me;  
 I could not have the heart to leave,  
 My little Girl behind me;  
 Ah non &c

And can you <sup>3</sup> to the battle go  
 To Normans fear a stranger;  
 No fear, my breast shall ever know  
 But when my loves in danger.  
 Ah non &c

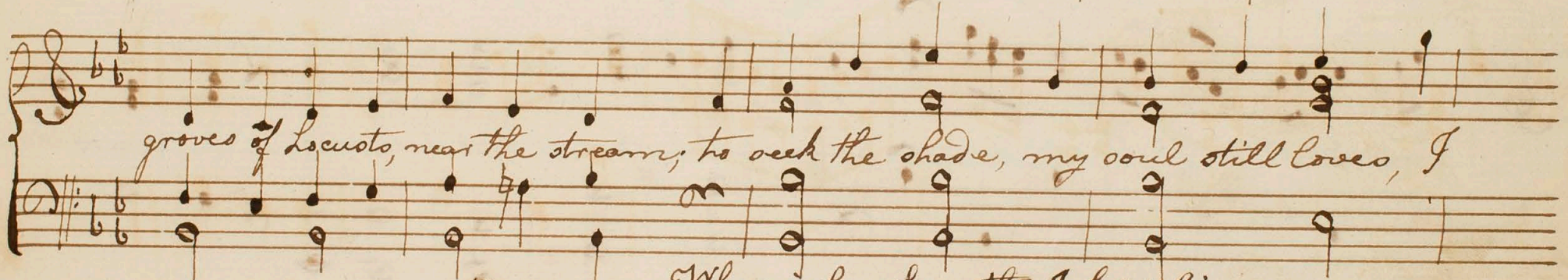




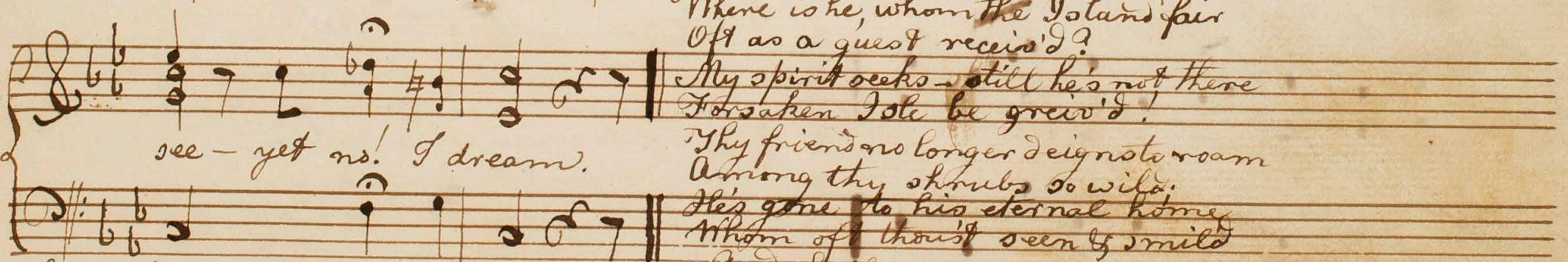
Where is he? say, ye feeling hearts who mourn his flight with me!



He, whose departure deeply smarts, say, whither did he flee? I wander pensive thro' the



groves of Luscuto, near the stream; to seek the shade, my soul still loves, I

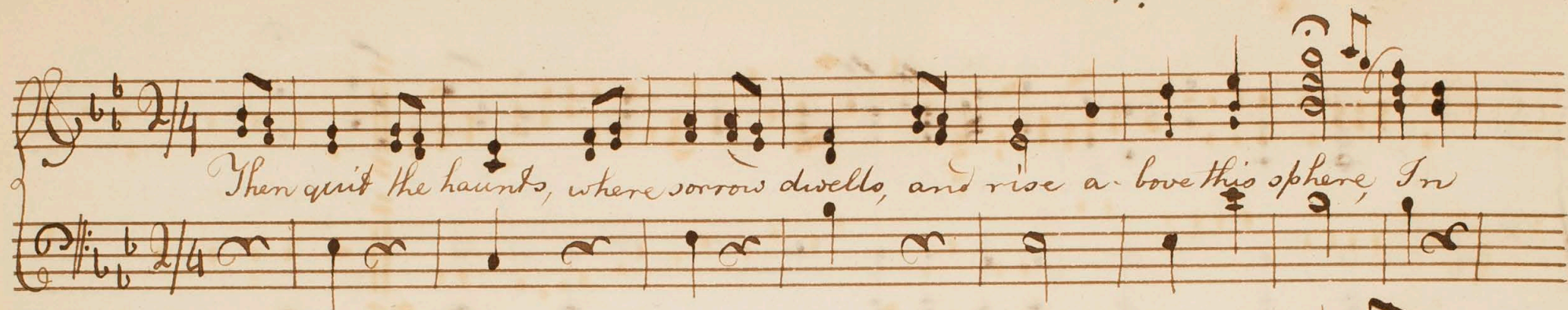


see - yet no! I dream.  
Where is he, whom the Islands fair  
Of as a guest receiv'd?  
My spirit seeks - still he's not there  
Forsaken Isle be griev'd!  
Thy friends no longer deign to roam  
Among thy shrubs so wild.  
He's gone to his eternal home  
Whom oft thou'st seen & mild

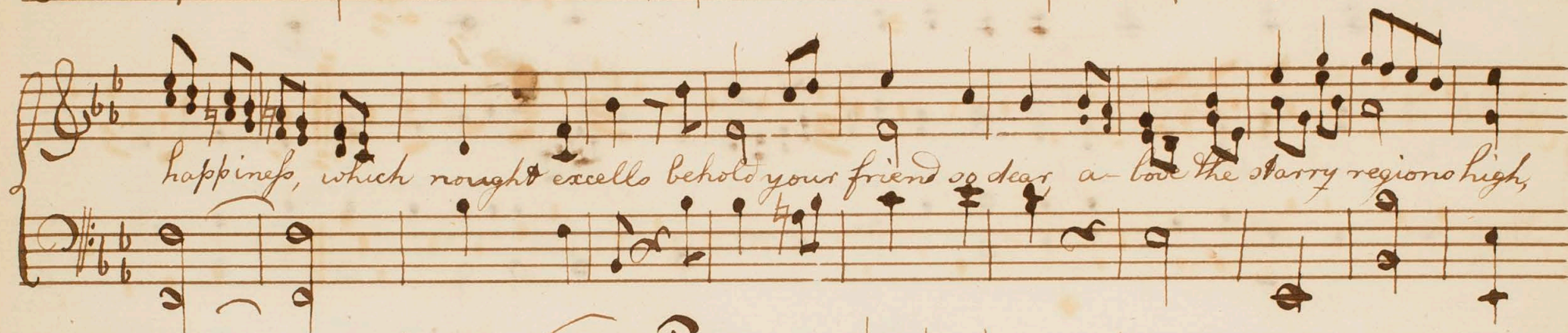
Thus whispers something - 'tis a friend  
Religion is her name  
"Him, you esteem'd, I saw afar  
From heav'n the order came."

And shall we never, never more  
On earth our father see?  
Impossible! he's gone before  
"Where you once hope to be"





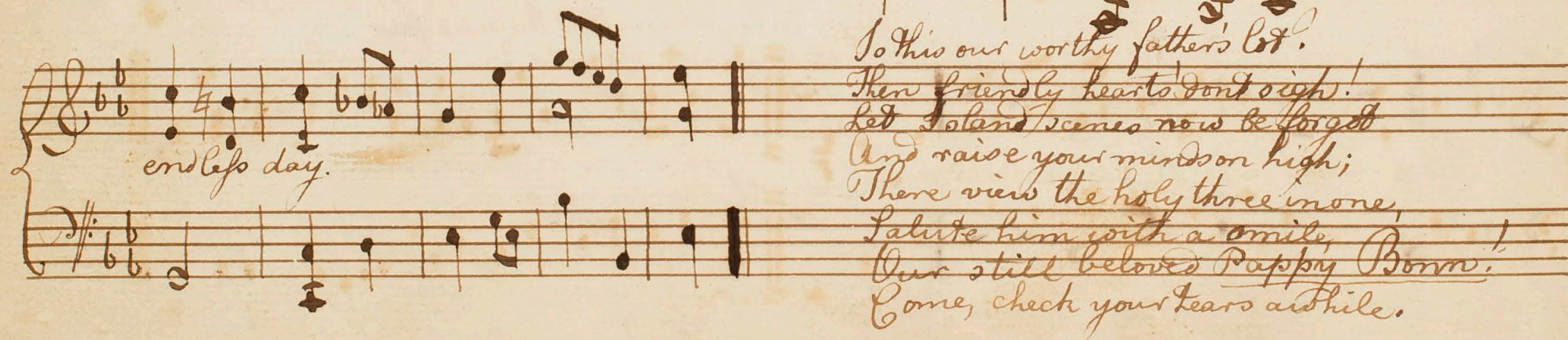
Then quit the haunts, where sorrow dwells, and rise above this sphere, In



happiness, which nought excels behold your friend so dear above the starry regions high,



his spirit wing'd its way — heav'n's portals open'd, God drew nigh — him downward the



endless day.

To this our worthy father's lot!  
 Then friendly hearts! don't sigh!  
 Let Island scenes now be forgot  
 And raise your minds on high;  
 There view the holy three in one,  
 Salute him with a smile,  
 Our still beloved Pappy Born!  
 Come, check your tears awhile.



Jackson.

# The Heavy hours.

The heavy hours are almost

past that part my love and me, my longing eyes may hope at last their only wish to see, But how my De-lia

will you meet the man you've lost so long will love in all your pulses beat and trem-ble on your tongue will love

in all your pulses beat and tremble on your tongue.

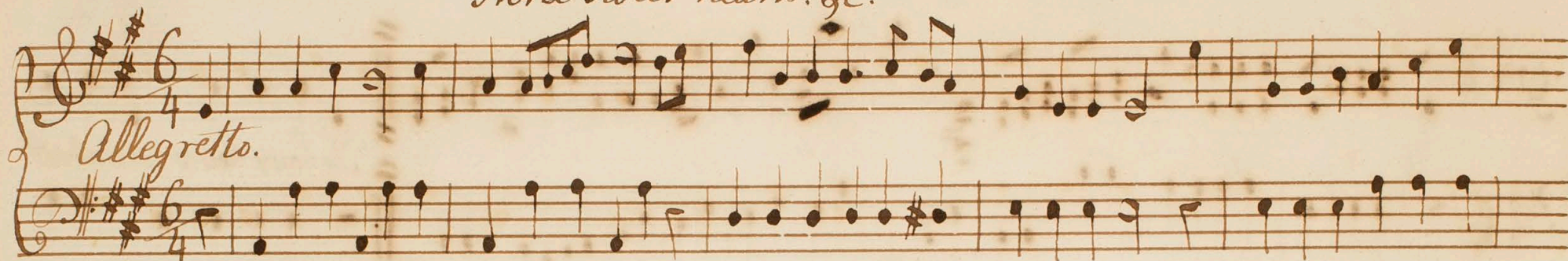
Will you in every look declare, Thus Delia, thus I paint the scene,  
Your heart is still the same, When we shall shortly meet,  
And heal each anxious idle care, And try what yet remains between,  
Our fears in absence frame, Of losing time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind, All I of Venus ask is this,  
Should false ground prove, No more to let us join,  
I am doom'd at length to find, But grant me hence the flattering bliss,  
You have forgot to love, To die & think you mine.

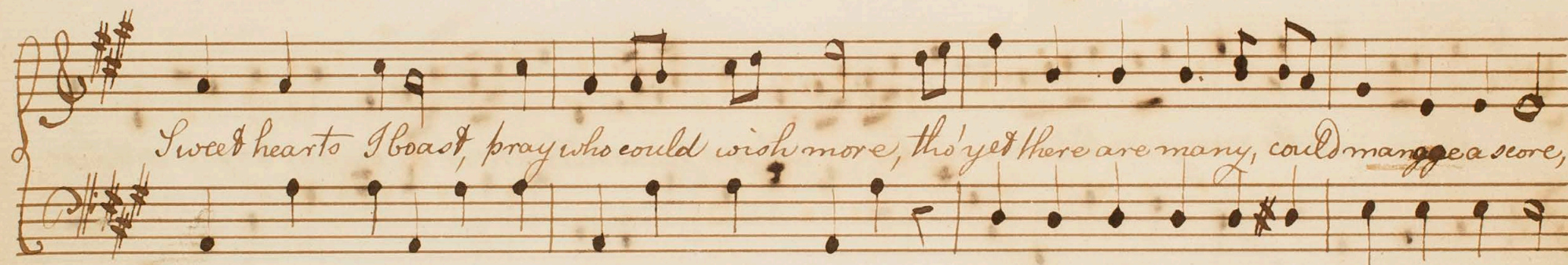


Three sweet hearts. &c.

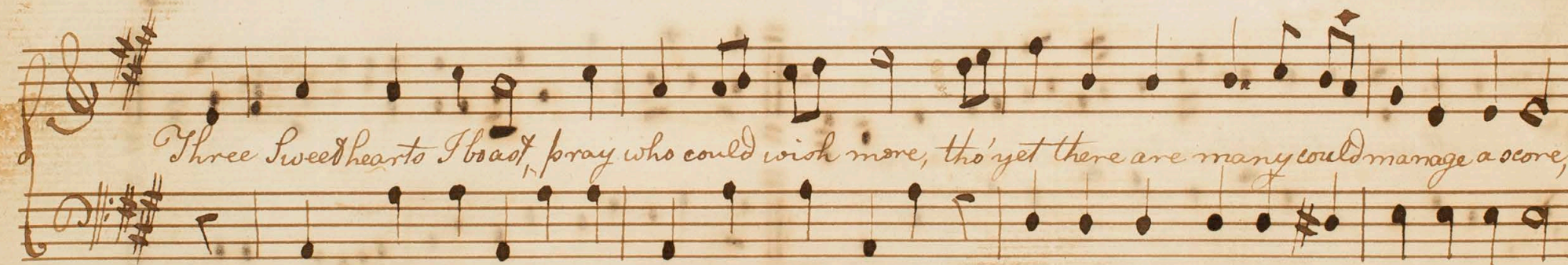
*Allegretto.*



Three

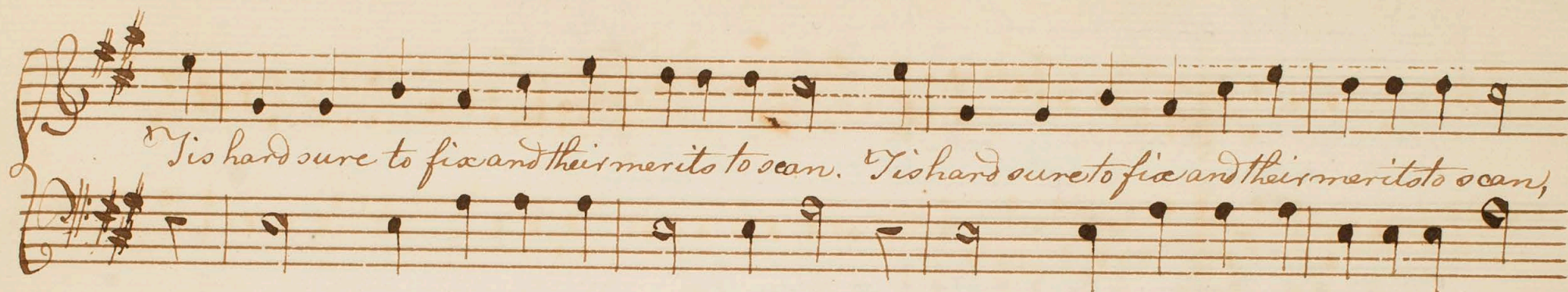


Sweet hearts I boast, pray who could wish more, tho' yet there are many, could manage a score,

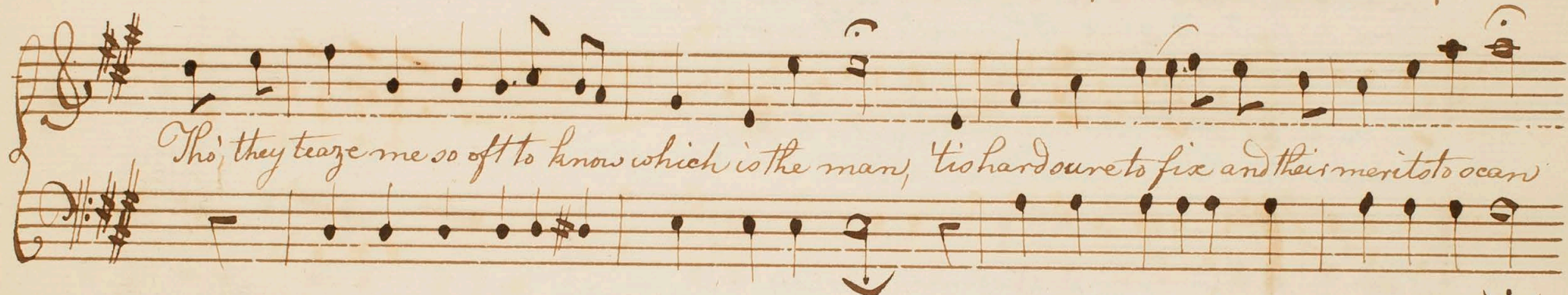


Three Sweet hearts I boast, pray who could wish more, tho' yet there are many could manage a score,

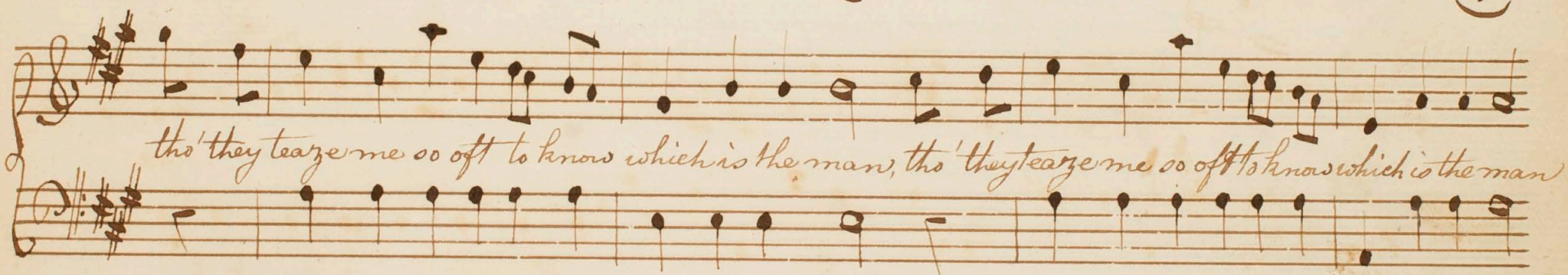




*'Tis hard sure to fix and their merits to scan. 'Tis hard sure to fix and their merits to scan,*



*Tho' they teaze me so oft to know which is the man, 'tis hard sure to fix and their merits to scan*



*tho' they teaze me so oft to know which is the man, tho' they teaze me so oft to know which is the man*



*Finis*



The Captain he praises my air & my grace  
And would his lord have mercy my maid to my face

He swears at my monkey looks big breaks my fan  
Yet I scarce dare to tell him he is not the man

The beau tad so smart so sweet and so grim  
Does so figet and gaze at himself with a grin

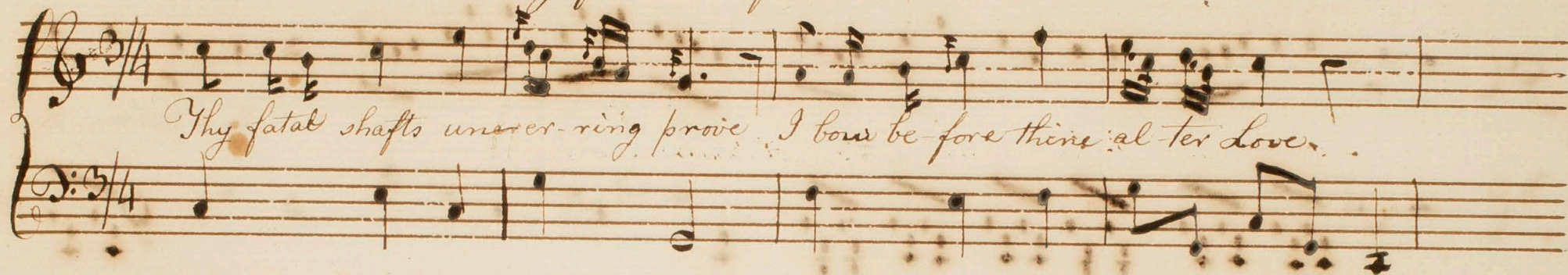
In vain he attempts my fond heart to trepan  
I declare he looks more like a doll

I want one to love and protect me beside  
Whom I neither may fear nor despise when a bride

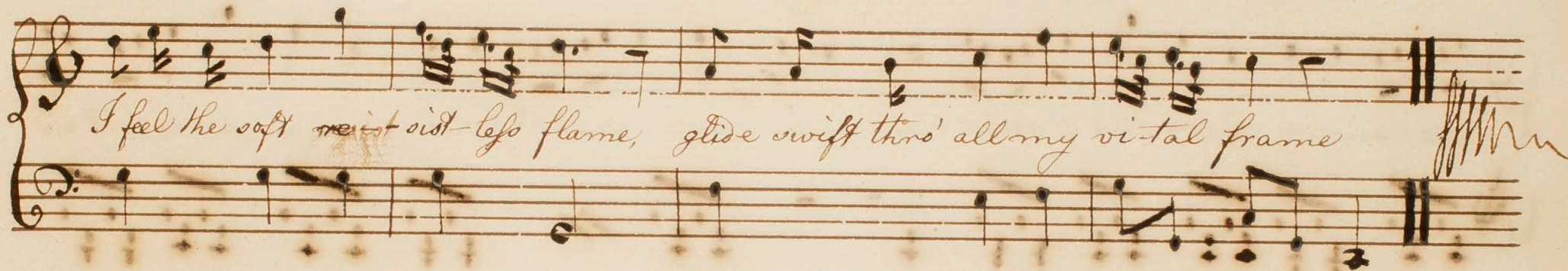
His heart is my own & I'll love while I can  
And Willy my dear constant Willy's the man



Thy fatal shafts &c.



Thy fatal shafts unceasing prove I bow before thine altar Love.



I feel the soft ~~rest~~ side's flame, glide swift thro' all my vital frame

My fall'ring tongue attempt in vain  
In soothing numbers to complain,

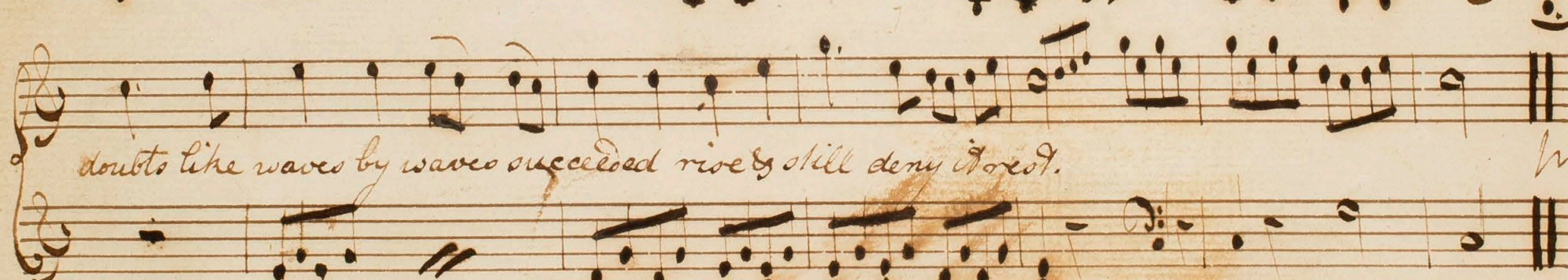
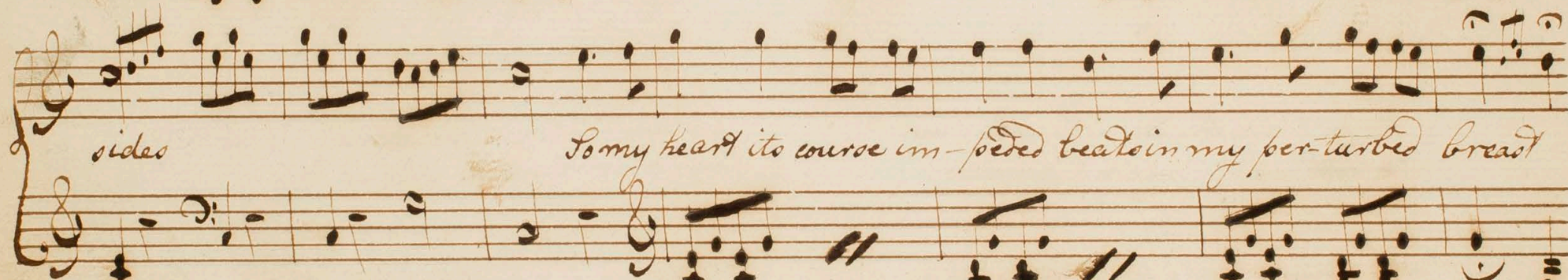
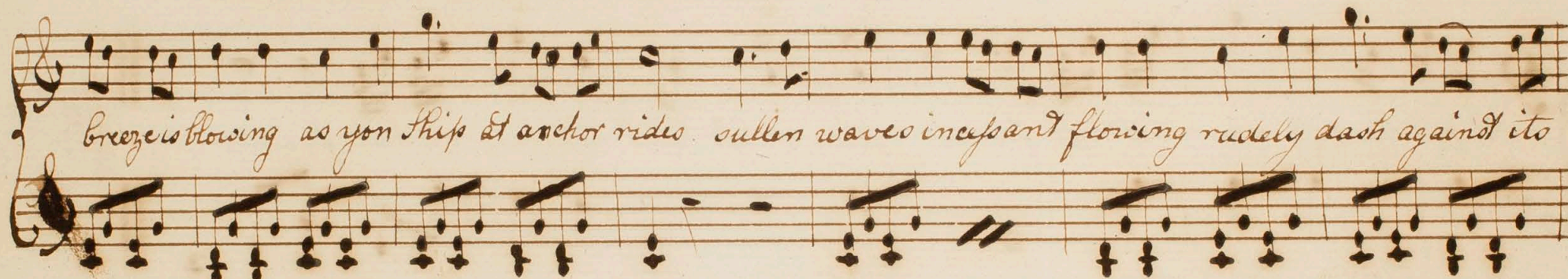
Condemned to nurse eternal care  
And ever drop the silent tear,

My tongue some silent magic ties  
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Unheard I mourn unknown I sigh  
Unfriended live unpitied die.



*Fresh & strong &c.*



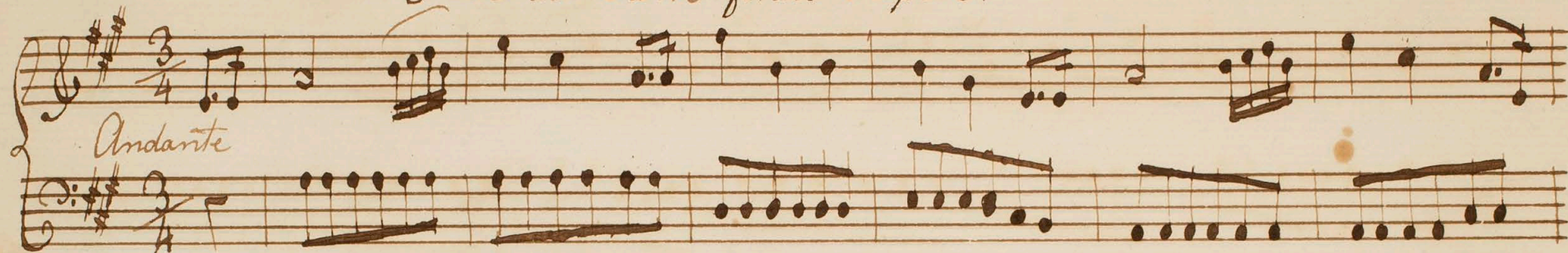






*Still the Lark finds Repose.*

*Andante*



*Still the Lark finds re-  
pose,*



*in the full waving corn, or the Bee on the rose, tho' surrounded with Thorn.*





Never robb'd of their ease, they are thoughtless and free But no



more gentle peace, shall e'er harbour with me, e'er harbour with me, Still the Lark finds repose

In the full waving corn, or the Bee on the rose, Tho' surrounded with thorn, Still in search of de-

light, ev'ry pleasure they prove ne'er tormented by pride, or the slights of fond love



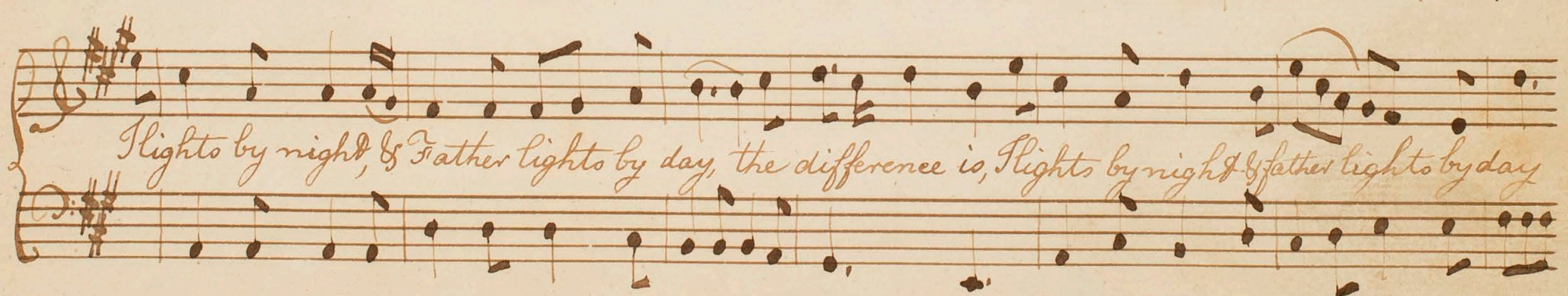
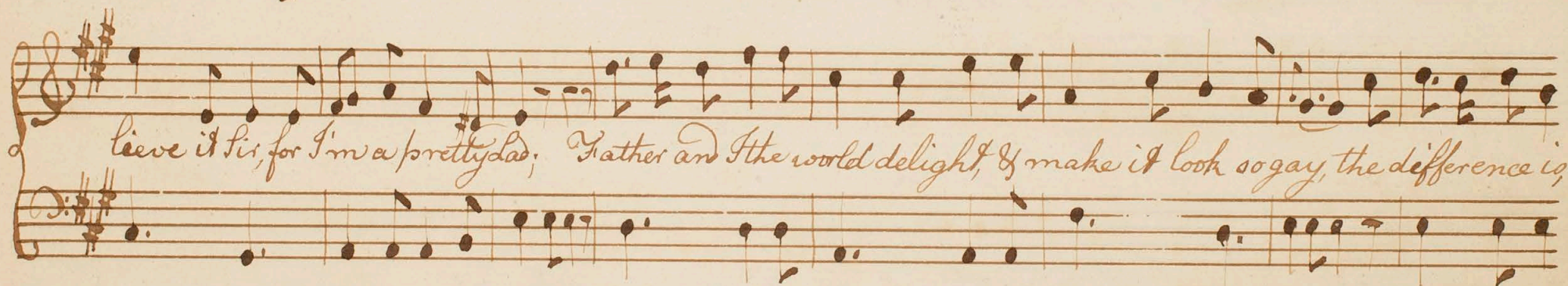
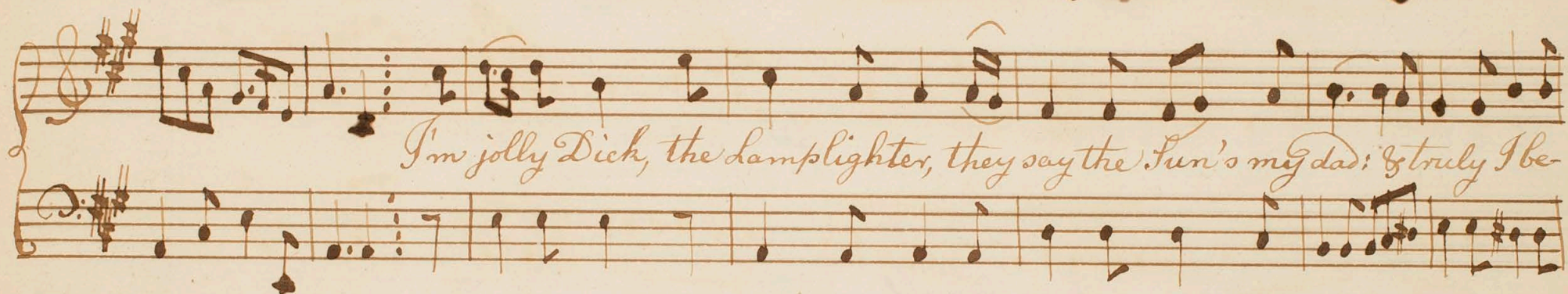
*the slights of fond love, the slights of fond love, Still the Lark finds repose, In the full*

*waving Corn, or the Bee on the rose, tho' sur-rounded with thorn.*

*Quavers* *Finis*



# The Lamplighter







But Father's not the likes of I  
for knowing life & fun  
For I strange tricks and fancies spy  
Folks never shew the sun.  
Rogues, Owls and Bats can't bear the light  
I've heard your wise ones say  
And so, d'ye mind, I see at night  
Things never seen by day.

At night men lay aside all art  
As quite a useless task,  
And many a face & many a heart  
Will then pull off the mask.  
Each formal prude, and holy Wight,  
Will throw disguise away,  
And sin it openly at night,  
Who sinned it all day.

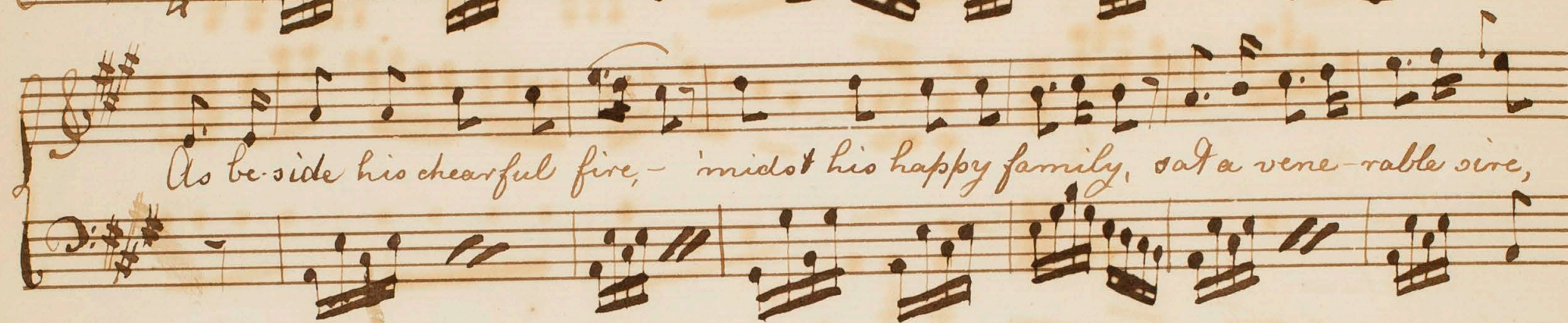
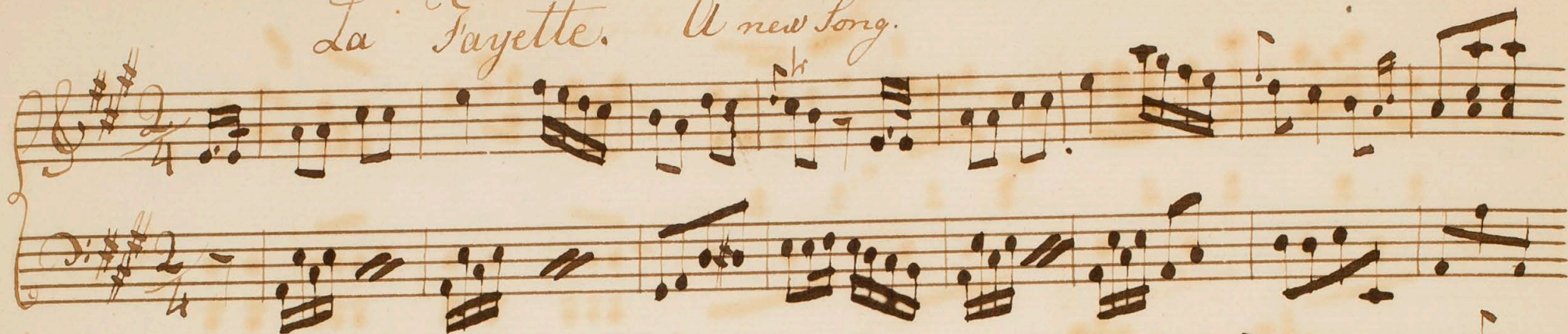
His Darling heard the Misery views,  
Nipses from friends decamp,  
And many a Statesman mischief brews  
To his country o'er his lamp.  
So Father & I d'ye take me right,  
Are just on the same lay  
I bare face sinners light by night,  
And he false saints by day.



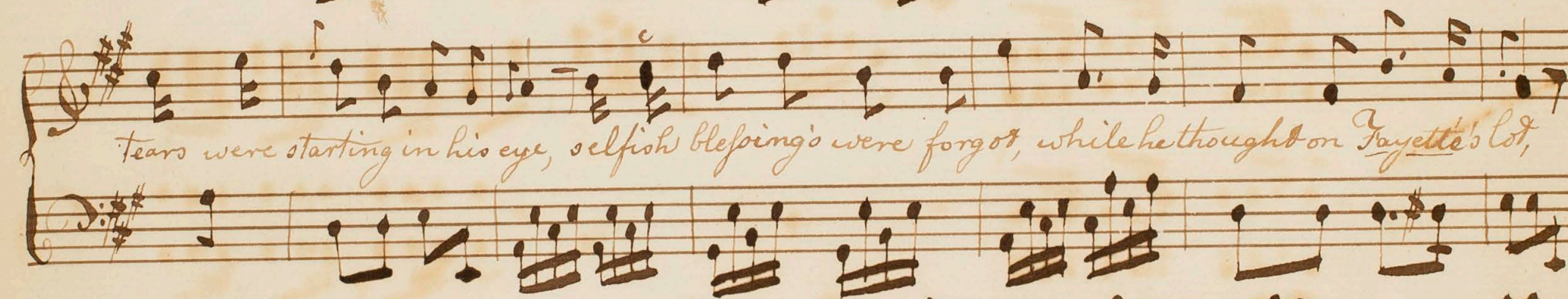




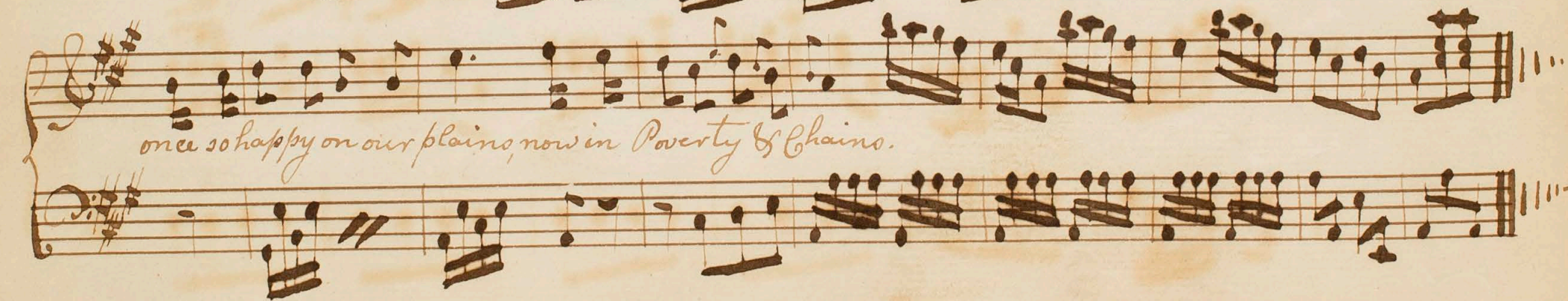
La Fayette. A new Song.



As be-side his chearful fire, - amidst his happy family, sat a vene-rable sire,



tears were starting in his eye, selfish blessings were forgot, while he thought on Fayette's lot,



once so happy on our plains, now in Poverty & Chains.



Fayette! cried he honor'd name!  
Dear to these far distant shores!

Fayette, fix'd by freedom's flame,  
Bled to make that freedom ours  
What Alas! for thee remains,  
What, but poverty and chains

Soldiers in the fields of death  
Was not Fayette foremost there!  
Cold and shivering on the heath,  
Did ye not his bounty share.  
What for this your friend remains:  
What, but Poverty and chains.

Born to honor, ease & wealth,  
See him sacrifice them all;  
Sacrificing even health,  
At his country's glorious call.  
What reward for this remains:  
What but poverty and chains.

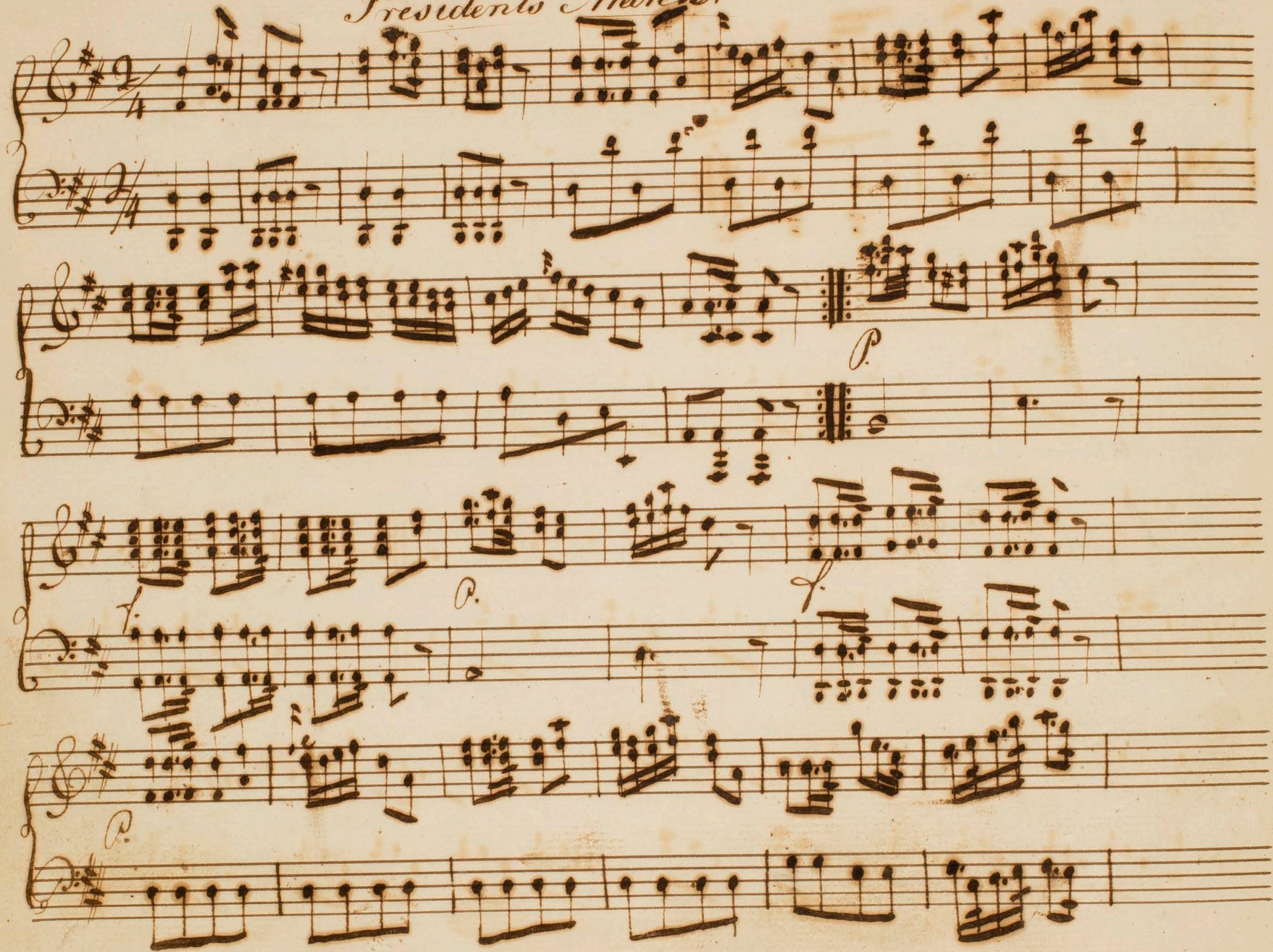
Hapless Fayette! midst thy error,  
How my soul thy worth reveres  
Son of freedom, Tyrant's terror,  
Hero of both hemispheres!  
What Alas! for thee remains  
What, but Poverty and chains.

Thus with laurels on his brow,  
Belisarius beg'd for bread:  
Thus from Carthage forc'd to go,  
Hannibal and exile fled:  
Fayette, thus at once sustains,  
Exile, poverty and chains.

Courage! child of Washington,  
Tho' thy fate disastrous seems,  
We have seen the setting sun  
Rise and burn with brighter beams.  
Thy country soon shall break thy chains  
And take thee to her arms again.



*Presidents March.*







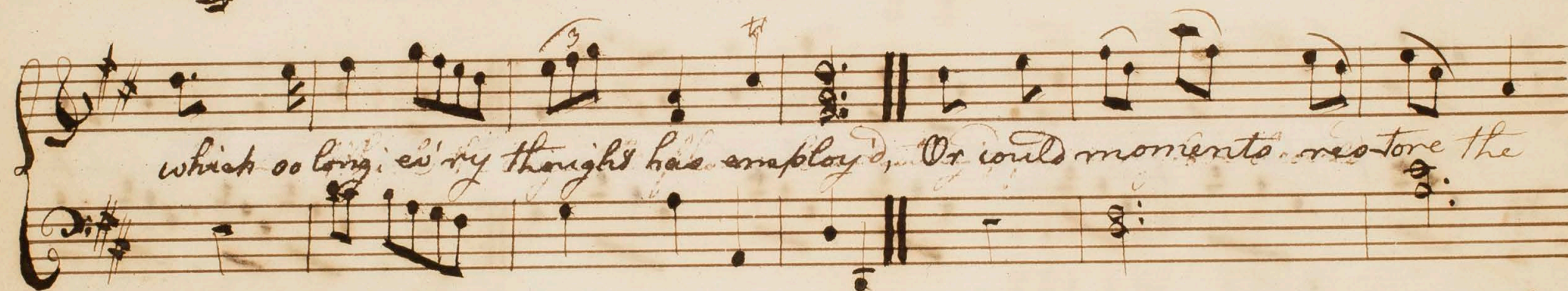
Were I oblig'd to beg my bread and had not where to lay my head I'd creep where

Yonder flocks are fed and steal a look at somebody. My own dear somebody

my constant somebody, I'd creep where yonder flocks are fed & steal a look at ~~somebody~~ *somebody*



Could I bid the fond Passion to cease.  
Sung by Mrs. Seymour in the Opera Lock & Key.

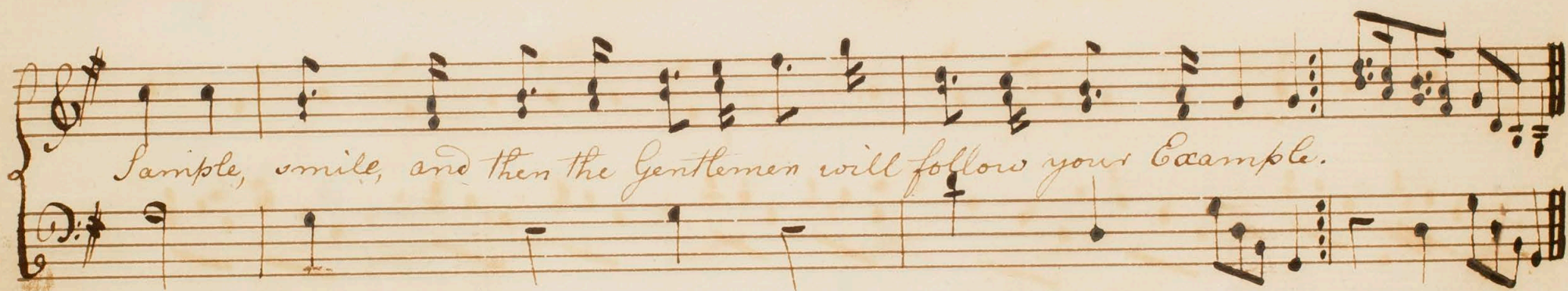
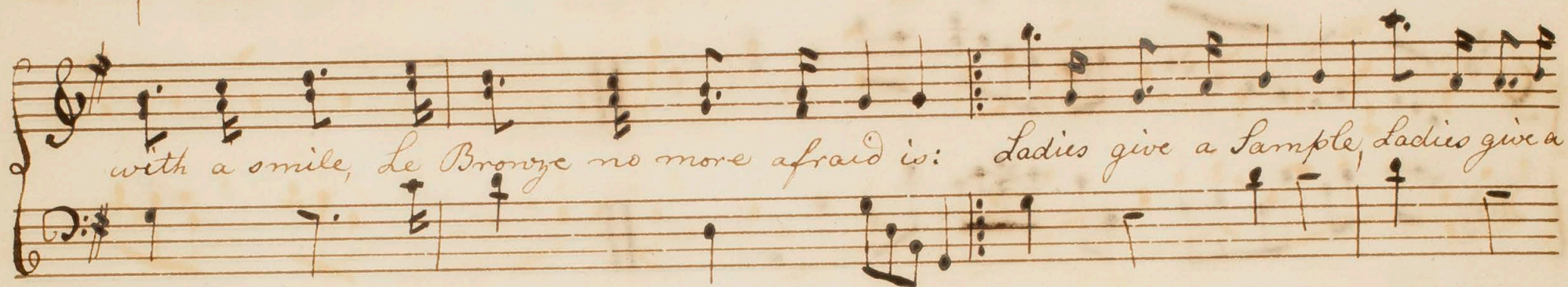
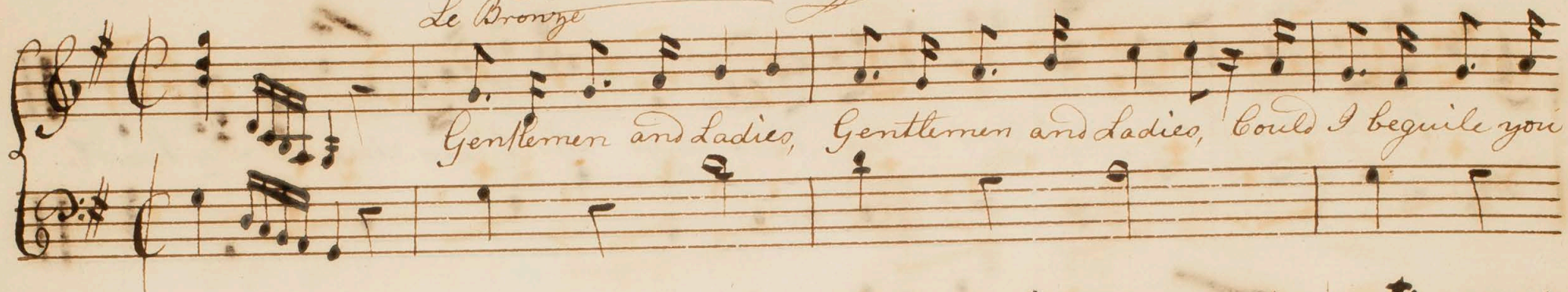




*-fully, cheerfully part but a-las it lies deep ah it lies deep in my heart.*



*Musical Medley.*  
*Le Bronze*



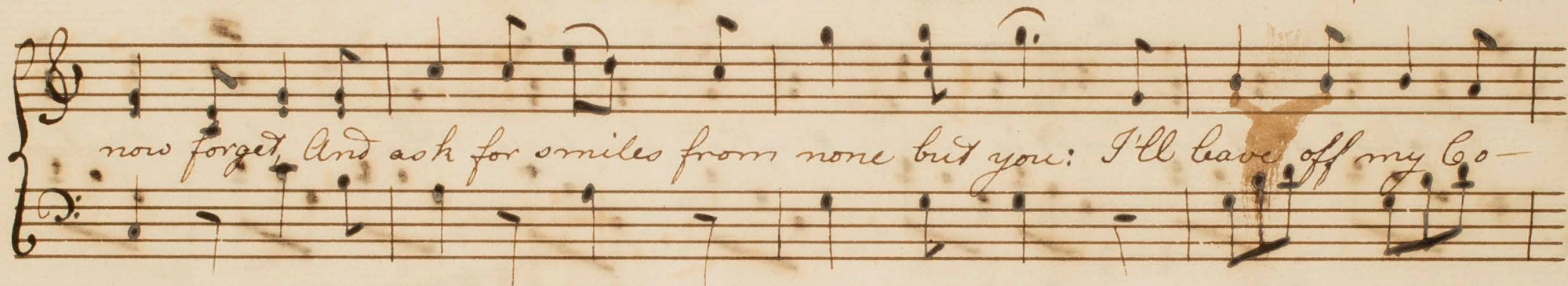
*Fantast.*







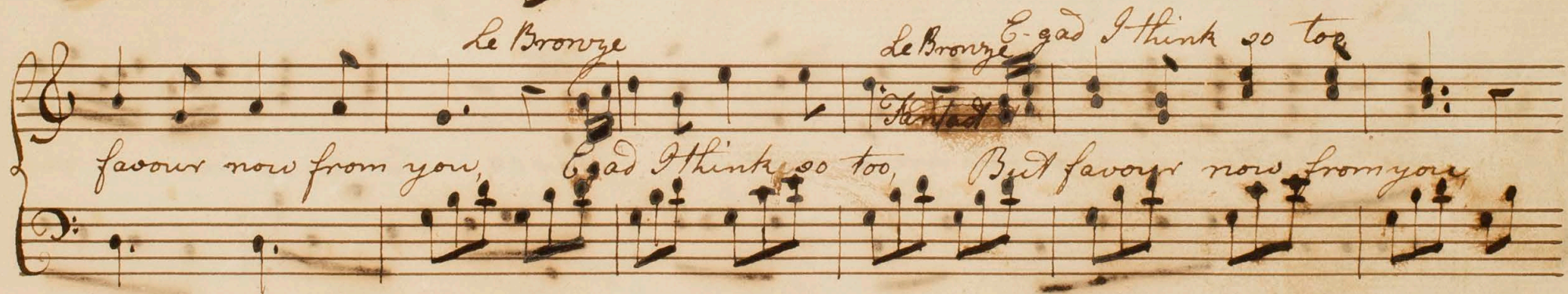
Airs I now forget, and ask for smiles from none but you, my flirting airs I



now forget, And ask for smiles from none but you: I'll leave off my Co-



quetting, my frisking and cur-vet-ting, No favour is worth get-ting, but

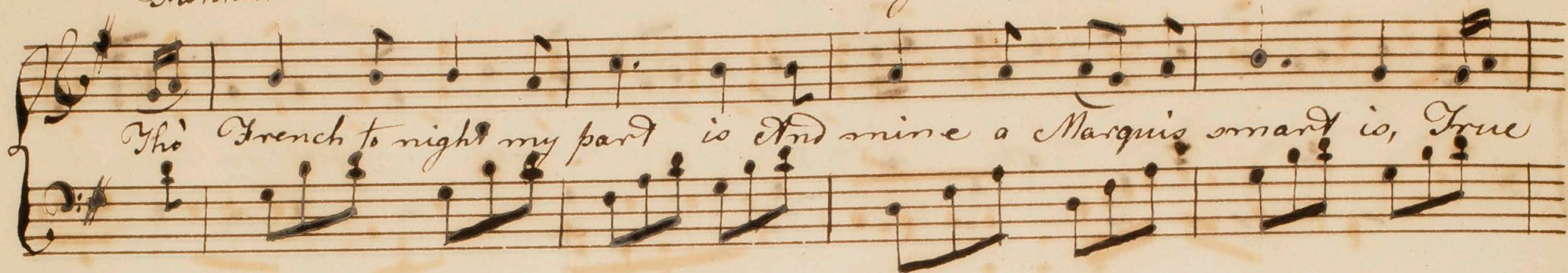


Le Bronze ~~Le Bronze~~ E-gad I think so too  
favour now from you, E-gad I think so too, But favour now from you

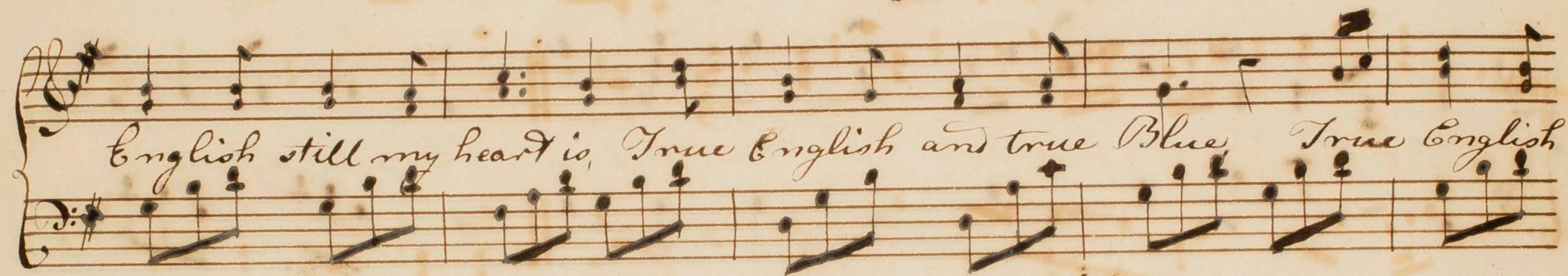


Gantast

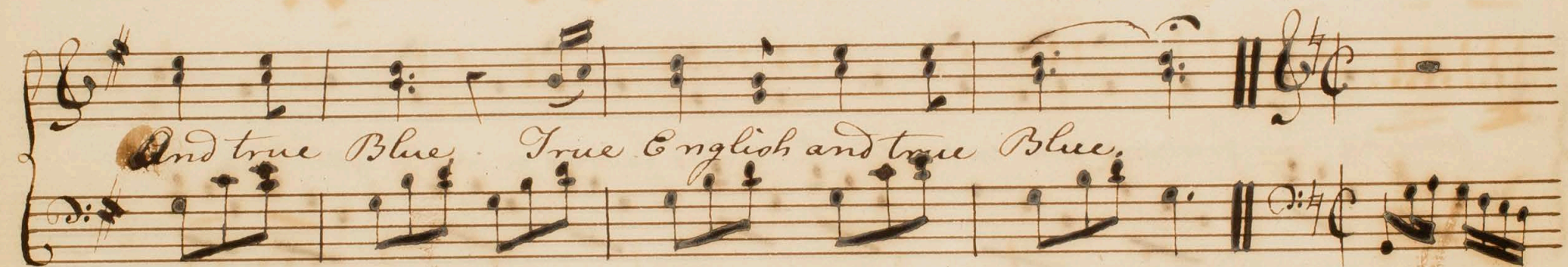
Le Bronze



This French to night my part is And mine a Marquis smart is, True



English still my heart is, True English and true Blue, True English



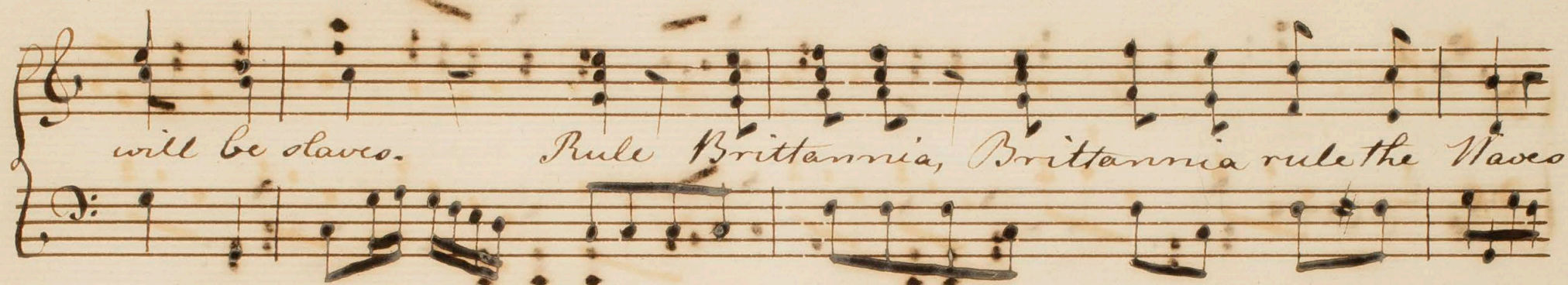
And true Blue, True English and true Blue.



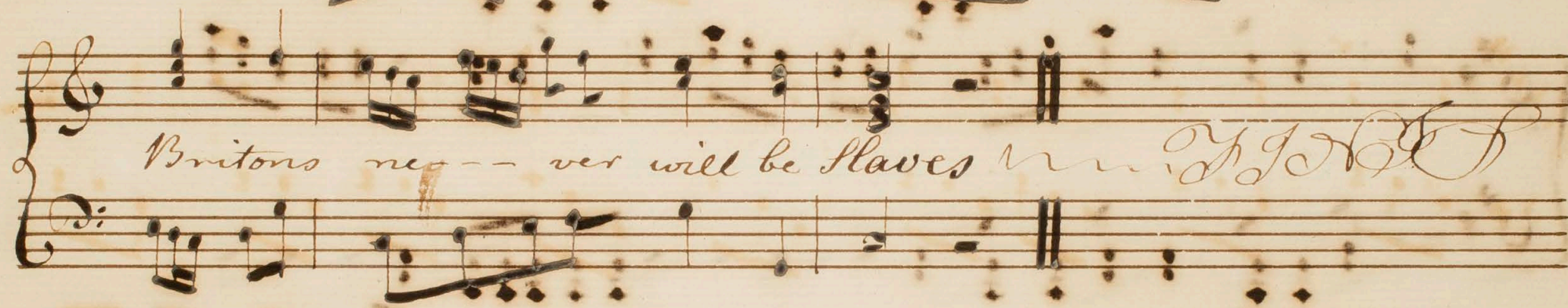
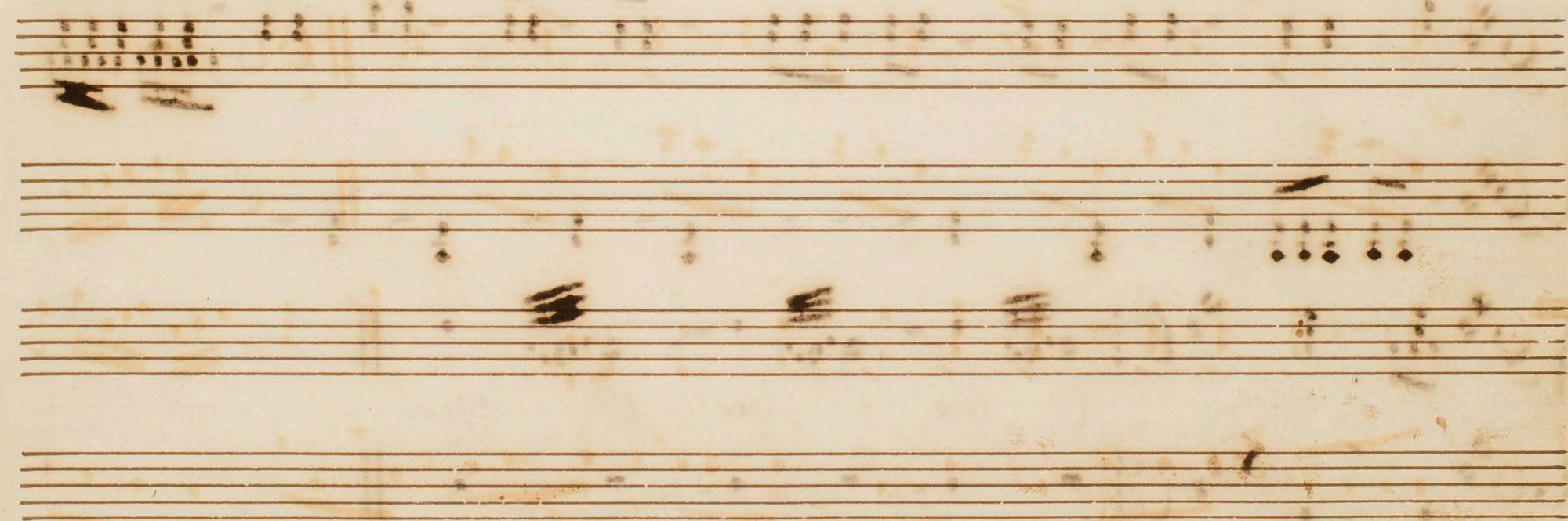
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves, Britons ne---ver



will be slaves. Rule Brittannia, Brittannia rule the Waves

The first system of the handwritten musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The lyrics "will be slaves. Rule Brittannia, Brittannia rule the Waves" are written in cursive below the staves. The music is written in a single system with various note values and rests.

Britons ne- - ver will be Slaves

The second system of the handwritten musical score also consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. The lyrics "Britons ne- - ver will be Slaves" are written in cursive below the staves. The music continues with various note values and rests, ending with a double bar line.The bottom of the page features four empty musical staves, arranged in two pairs. The paper is aged and shows some staining and foxing.

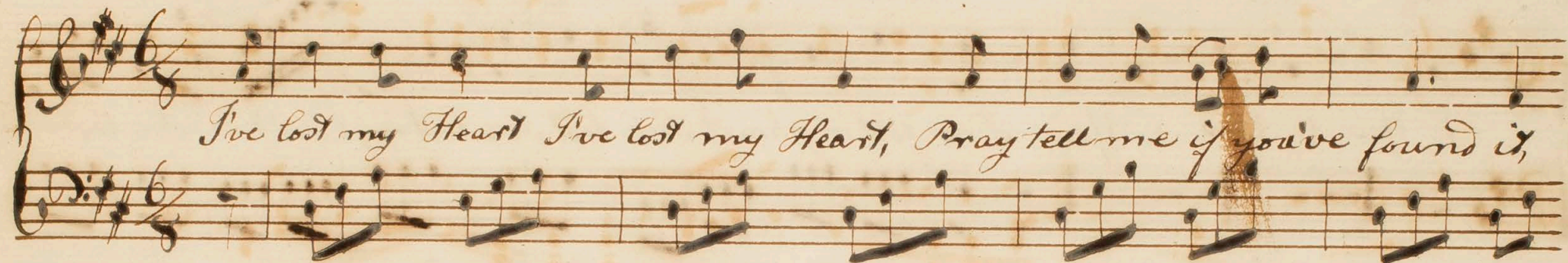


*The Female Cryer. Sung at Vaux Hall Gardens.*

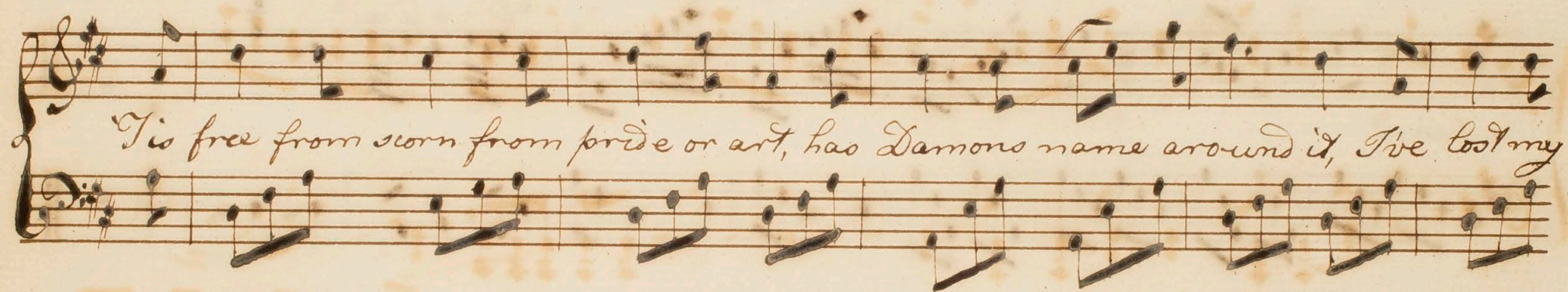
A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring ten staves. The first six staves are instrumental, with the first two in treble and bass clef (6/8 time), and the next four in treble and alto clef (7/8 time). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The final four staves are vocal, with lyrics written below the notes. The lyrics are: "O Yes, O Yes O - Yes." The score is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

*O Yes, O Yes O - Yes.*





I've lost my Heart I've lost my Heart, Pray tell me if you've found it,



'Tis free from scorn from pride or art, has Damons name around it, I've lost my



Heart, I've lost my Heart Pray tell me if you've found it, 'Tis free from



scorn from Pride or art has Damons name around it.



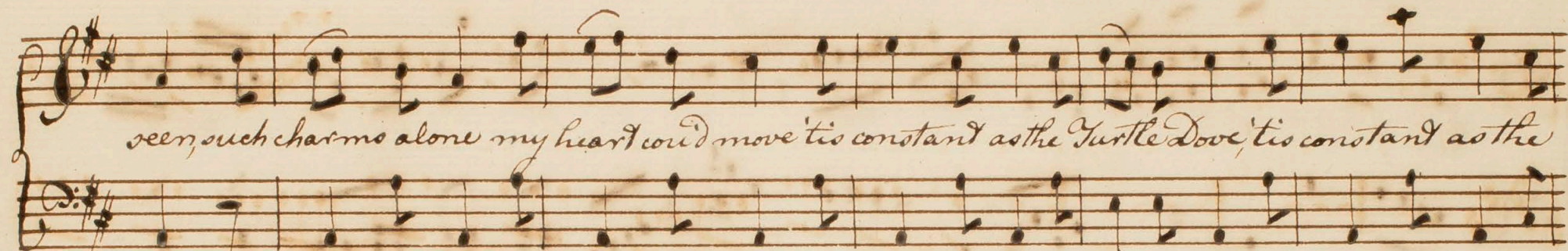
O Yes, O Yes, O Yes, I've lost my heart, I've lost, I've lost my heart --- I've lost my

heart,

No heart is constant soft and true, till from this breast last night it flees when Damon danc'd upon the

Green, the sweetest Swain that e'er was seen, when Damon danc'd upon the green, the sweetest Swain that e'er was

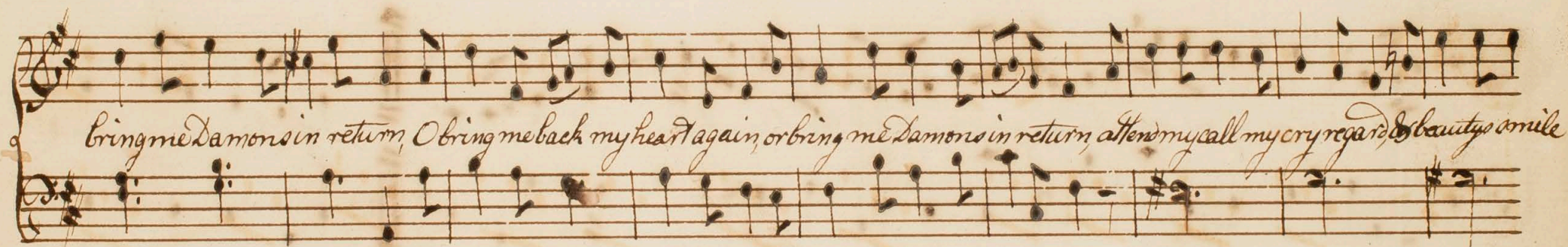




seen, such charms alone my heart cou'd move 'tis constant as the Turtle Dove, 'tis constant as the



*Minore*  
Turtle Dove *Dolapo* O bring me back my heart again or



bring me Damos in return, O bring me back my heart again, or bring me Damos in return, attend my call my cry regard, & beauty's smile

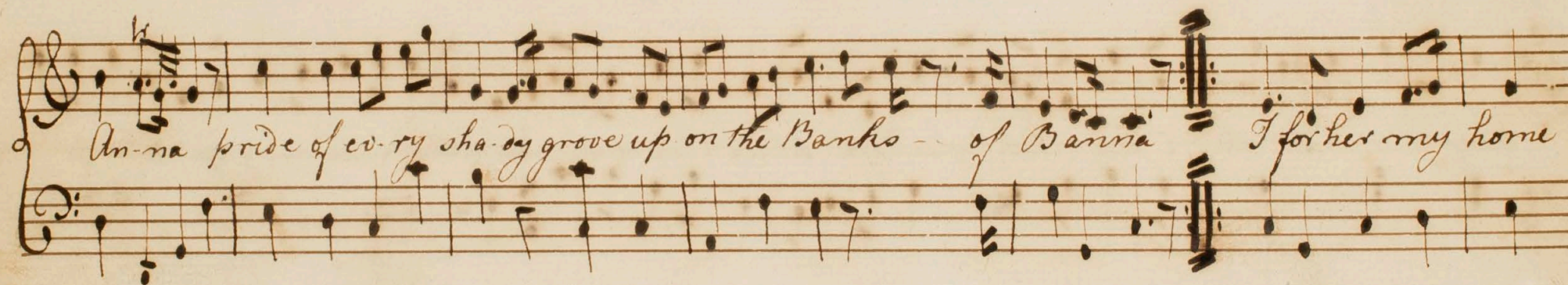
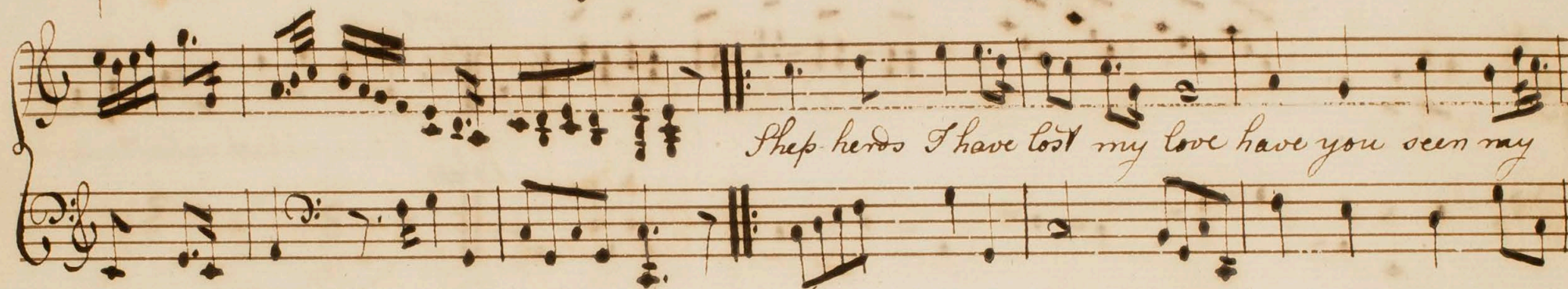
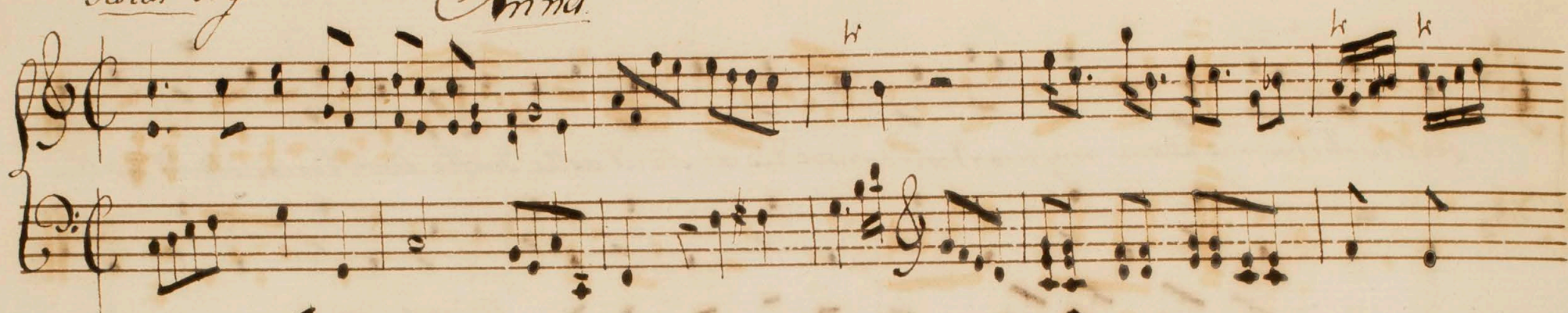


be your reward & may the fair you fondly love, be constant as the Turtle Dove, be constant as the Turtle Dove.



Scotch Long.

Anna.



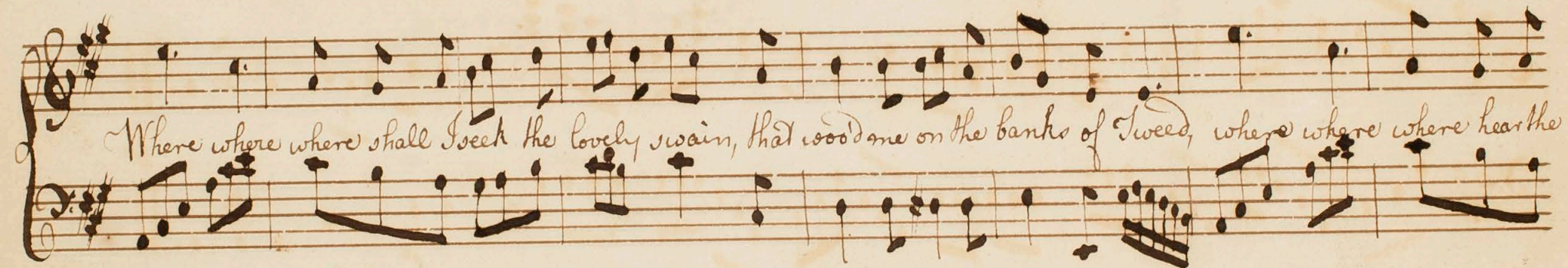
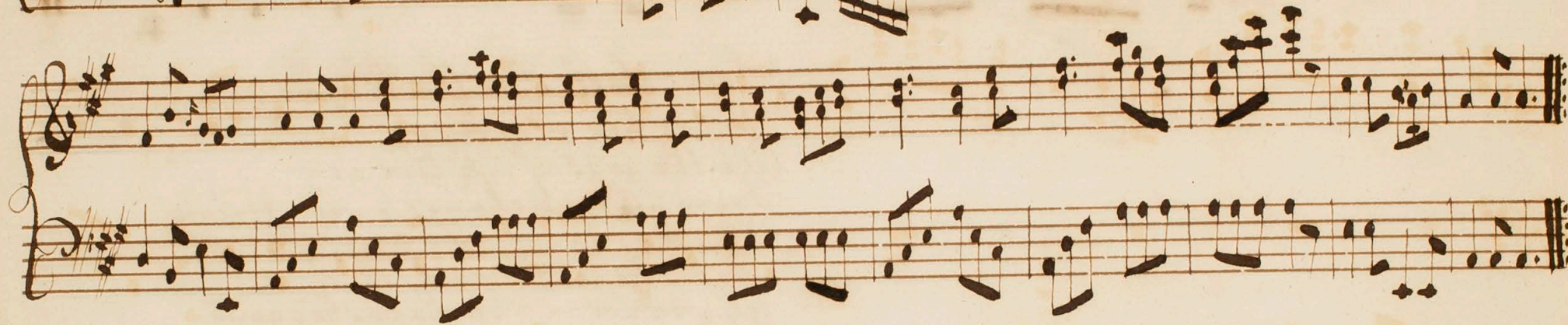




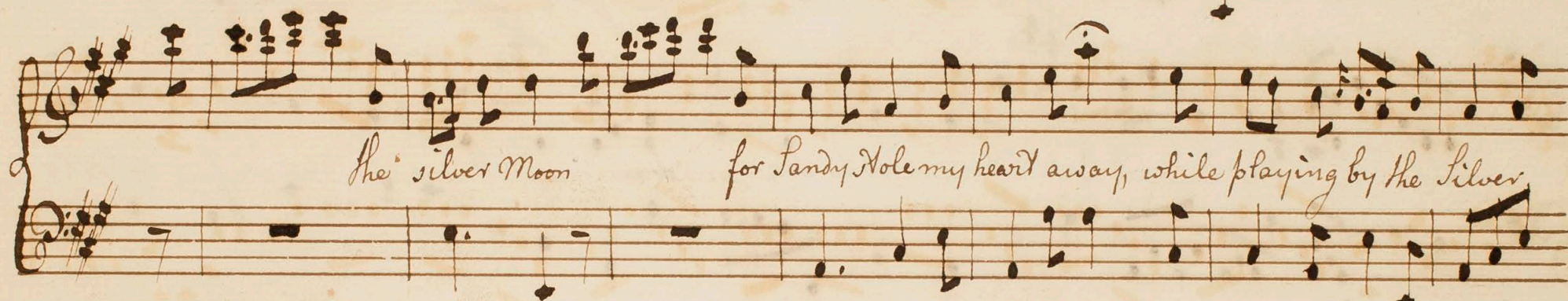
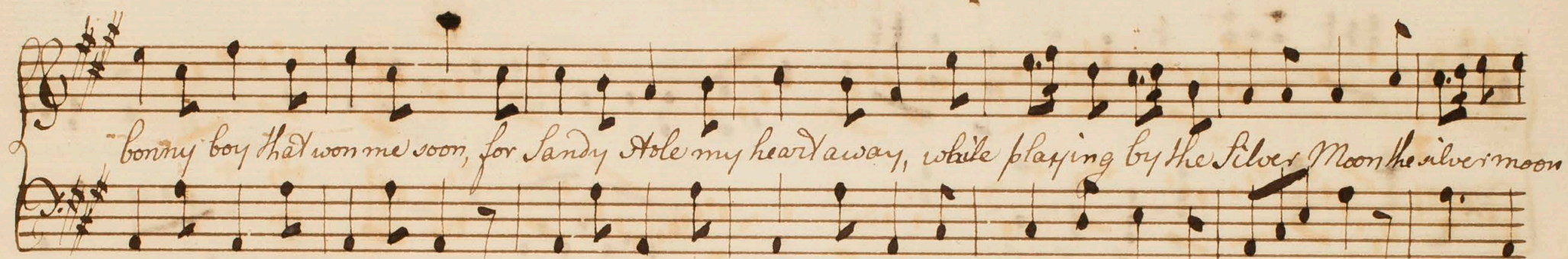
I never shall I see them more,  
Untill her returning  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning,  
Whither is my chamber flower  
Shepherd, tell me whither  
Ah woe for me perhaps she's gone,  
Forever, and forever.



# The Silver Moon.







Where can he stray Ah! Tell me where,  
Return my love return to me  
Come, let us to the grove repair,  
That overlooks the surgy sea;  
And when the village trains are met  
My bonny boy thy bag pipes tune  
For what can e'er our loves molest  
While playing by the Silver Moon.



# The Convent Bell.

When waken'd by the convent Bell at midnight's dark and dreary

The first system of handwritten musical notation for 'The Convent Bell'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'When waken'd by the convent Bell at midnight's dark and dreary' are written below the staff.

hour The Convent Bell at midnight's dark and dreary hour I rose my mournful beads to

The second system of handwritten musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics 'hour The Convent Bell at midnight's dark and dreary hour I rose my mournful beads to' are written below the staff.

Tell and think of life and love no more no more no more in vain I wept I blush to own I dropt

The third system of handwritten musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics 'Tell and think of life and love no more no more no more in vain I wept I blush to own I dropt' are written below the staff.

The Year for him alone in vain I wept I blush to own I dropt the Year for him alone.

The fourth system of handwritten musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides accompaniment. The lyrics 'The Year for him alone in vain I wept I blush to own I dropt the Year for him alone.' are written below the staff.





W Lober eve at twilight grey  
The swelling organs awful sound  
Would warn the Vestals when to pray  
While holy tears bedew'd the ground  
In vain Sweet SAC.

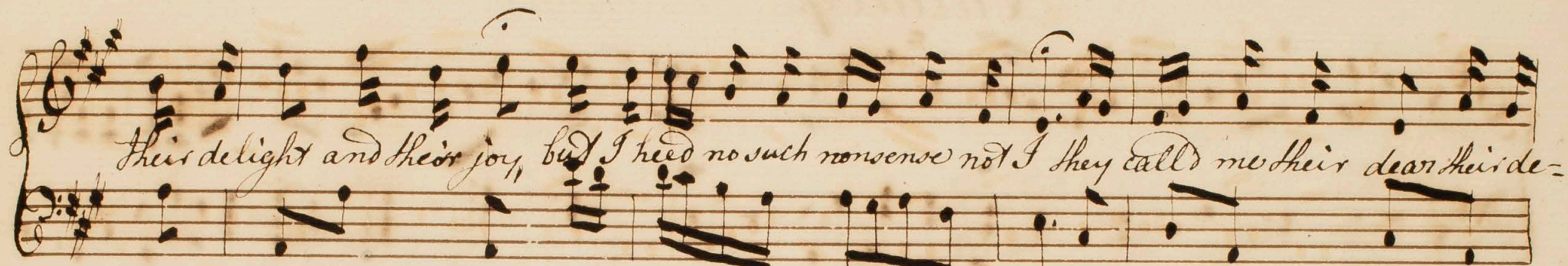


*I'll Die for no Shepherd not I.*

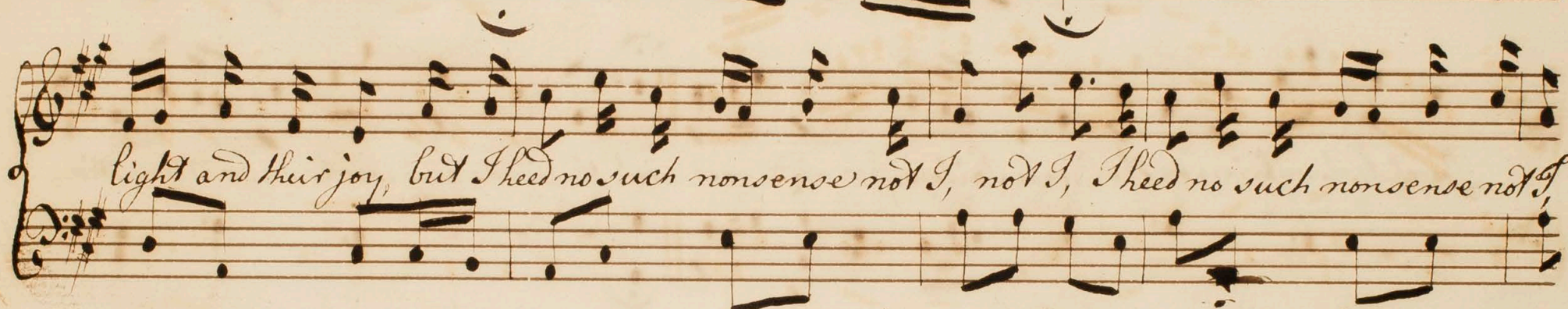
Handwritten musical score for the song "I'll Die for no Shepherd not I." The score is written on ten staves, with the first two staves of each system containing treble and bass clefs. The music is in 4/4 time and G major. The lyrics are written in cursive below the staves. There are some ink stains and a large brown smudge on the right side of the page.

When first on the plain I began to appear  
and the Shepherds to cgle and sigh. when first on the plain I began to appear and the Shepherds  
cgle and sigh. They call'd me their dear their delight and their joy they call me their dear  
I think the Lord likes me and he may prove true But if he proves fickle then I'll prove so too  
And if so I will love till I die, O I'll die for no Shepherd not I.

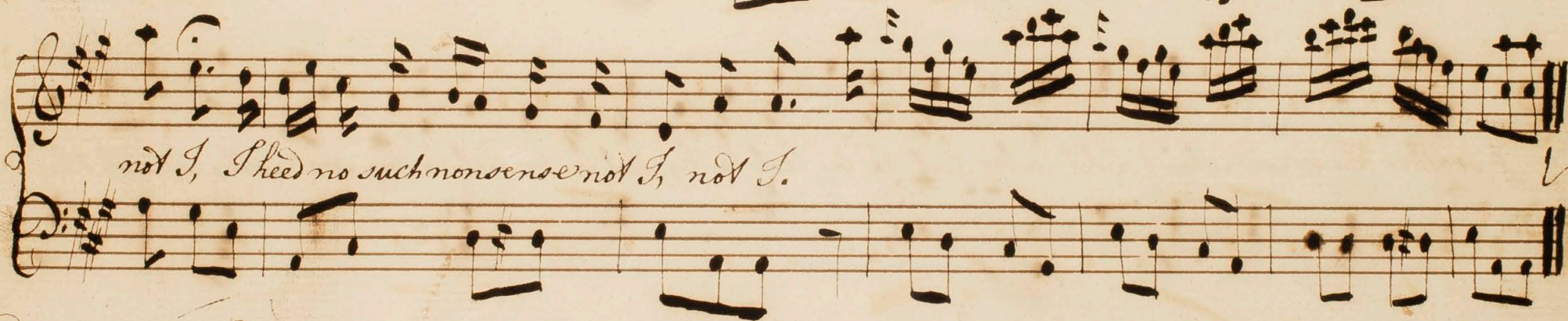




their delight and their joy, but I heed no such nonsense not I they call me their dear their de-



light and their joy, but I heed no such nonsense not I, not I, I heed no such nonsense not I,



not I, I heed no such nonsense not I, not I.

2<sup>nd</sup>

Not all their fine words their flattery I love  
Tho' they swore if I forsook they should die,

3<sup>rd</sup>

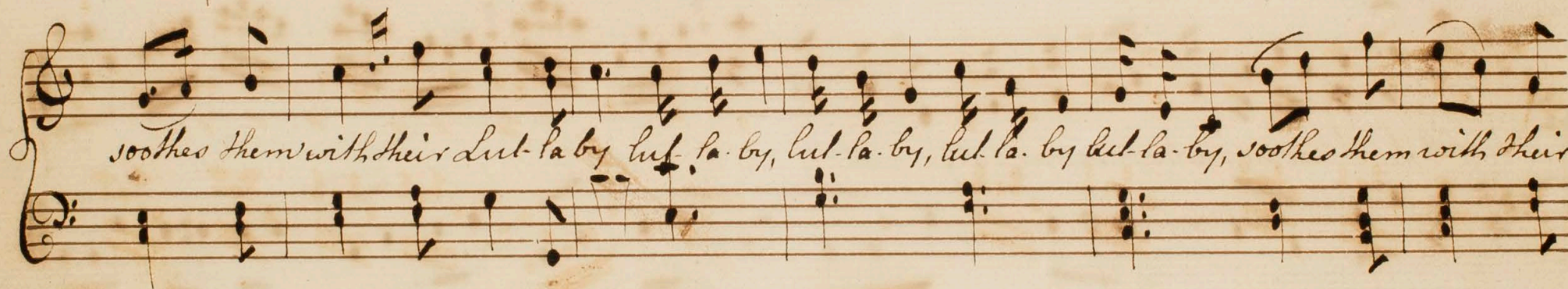
But now in my turn, I'm in love too I find,  
Tho' believe I for grief should not die,

Could bring me to like to love or approve  
For I heed no such nonsense not I,

Where Jemmy as false as the warring wind  
O I heed no such nonsense not I.



# Lullaby.





# The contented Cottager.

*Moderato*

My Collin is the kindest Lad that e'er won Maidens heart,

When he appears my bosom's glad but mournful when we part, He says I am his chief delight for

Me all day he'll toil And soon e'er paid if I at night, but I meet him with a smile.



Let others anxiously aspire, To grandeur, fame and wealth, This love is all that I require with

In innocence and health.

When first the tomy cottage came,  
 And told his tender Tale;  
 I frowning said 'twas all in vain,  
 He never could prevail.  
 But Ah! so ardently he pressed,  
 And would not be denied;  
 That e'er my tongue had no express'd  
 My Tell Tale eyes complied,  
 Let others &c &c.

With him I am content to dwell,  
 Within our low roof'd cot;  
 And e'en the gayest town bred belle,  
 Might envy me my lot.  
 To none he'd climb the Mountains high,  
 Or till the rugged soil;  
 And seem o'erpaid if I at night,  
 But meet him with a smile  
 Let others anxiously &c.



Scotch Air.



From thee Cliza I must go  
 And from my native shore  
 The cruel fates between us throw  
 A boundless Ocean's roar.  
 But boundless Ocean's roaring wide  
 Between my love and me  
 They never never can divide  
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell Cliza dear,  
 The maid that I adore,  
 A fading voice is in my ear  
 We part to meet no more  
 But the last thro' that leaves my heart,  
 While death stands victor by,  
 That thro' Cliza is my part  
 And thine that latest sigh.



Since then I'm Doomed Sung by Mrs Marshall in the Spital Child.

Since then I'm doomed this

The first system of handwritten musical notation for the song. It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Since then I'm doomed this' are written in cursive below the treble staff.

and reverse to prove To quit each object of my infant care Torn from an honored Parents tender Love

The second system of handwritten musical notation. The melody continues on the treble staff, with the bass staff following. The lyrics 'and reverse to prove To quit each object of my infant care Torn from an honored Parents tender Love' are written in cursive below the treble staff.

and driven the heaviest Storms of life to bear Ah! then forgive me in pity let me part your frown

The third system of handwritten musical notation. The melody continues on the treble staff, with the bass staff following. The lyrics 'and driven the heaviest Storms of life to bear Ah! then forgive me in pity let me part your frown' are written in cursive below the treble staff.

Too sure would break my sinking heart Ah! then forgive me in pity let me part your frown

The fourth system of handwritten musical notation, which appears to be a repeat of the third system. The melody continues on the treble staff, with the bass staff following. The lyrics 'Too sure would break my sinking heart Ah! then forgive me in pity let me part your frown' are written in cursive below the treble staff.



Too sure would break is break my sinking heart.



Affettuoso

In airy dreams.

Handwritten musical score for a song titled "In airy dreams." The score is written in brown ink on aged paper. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The first staff of each system is in treble clef, and the second is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is marked "Affettuoso" at the top left. There are several trills marked with "tr" above notes in the first, second, and fifth systems. The piece concludes with a double bar line and the word "Finis" written in cursive at the bottom right of the final staff.

In airy dreams soft fancy flies ~~My absent love to see~~  
My absent love to see And with the early dawn his  
Dear youth to think on thee While love and hope were new  
How swiftly flew the rosy hours Sweet as the breath of opening flowers  
The moments now move slowly on Until they wish'd return  
I count them off as all alone  
These pensive shades I mourn

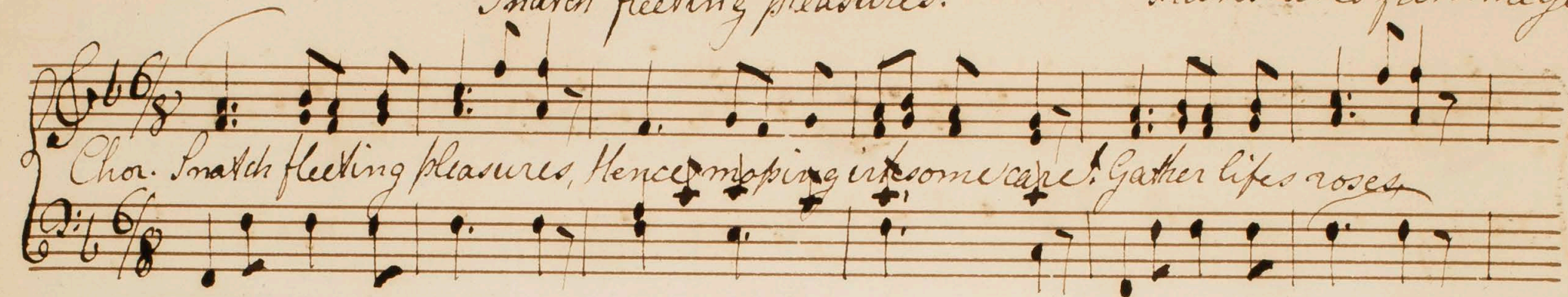


Return return my love and charm  
Each anxious care to rest,  
Thy smiles can every doubt disarm  
And sooth my aching breast.



# Snatch fleeting pleasures.

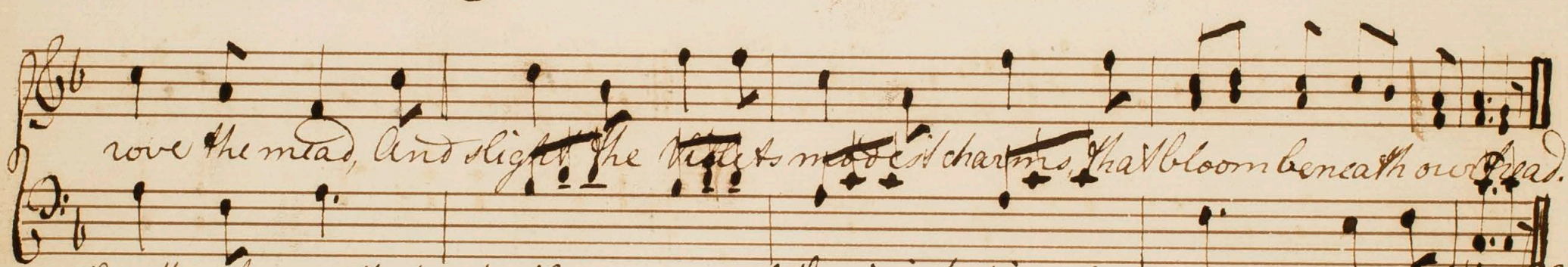
Translated from the German



Chor. Snatch fleeting pleasures, Hence moping in some cave! Gather life's roses,



while form and fair With ceaseless care we court our charms, in quest of thorns we



rove the mead, and slight the ~~violet~~ modest charms, that bloom beneath our feet.

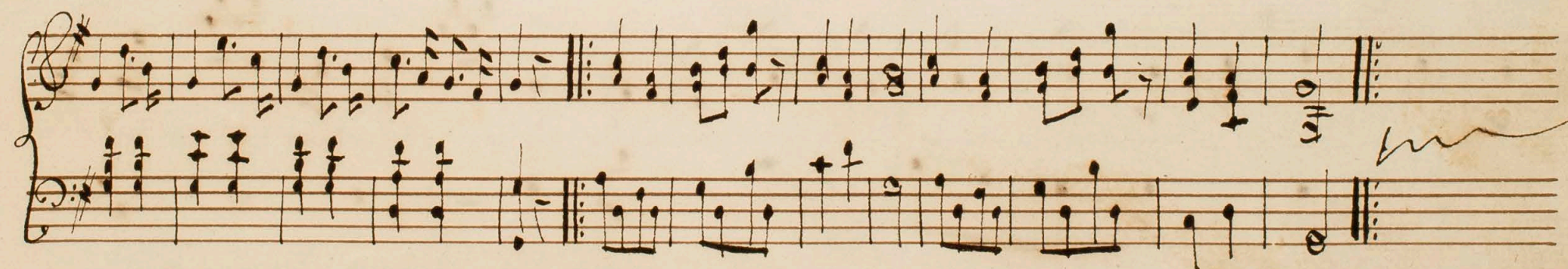
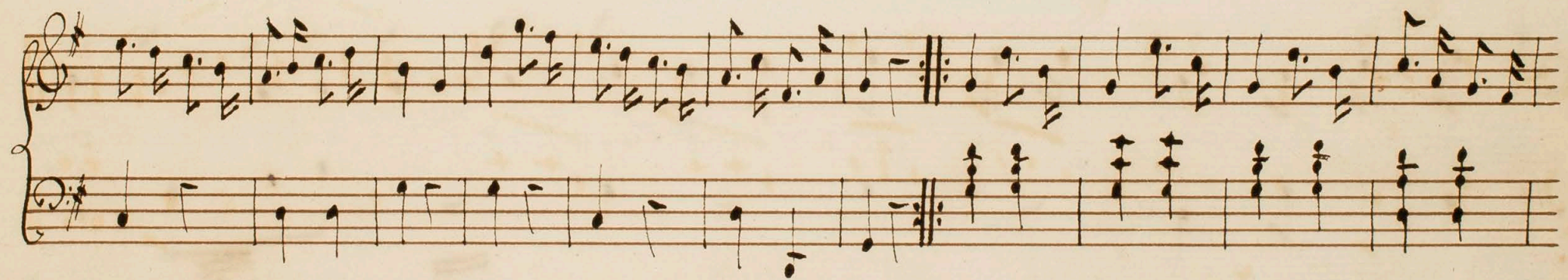
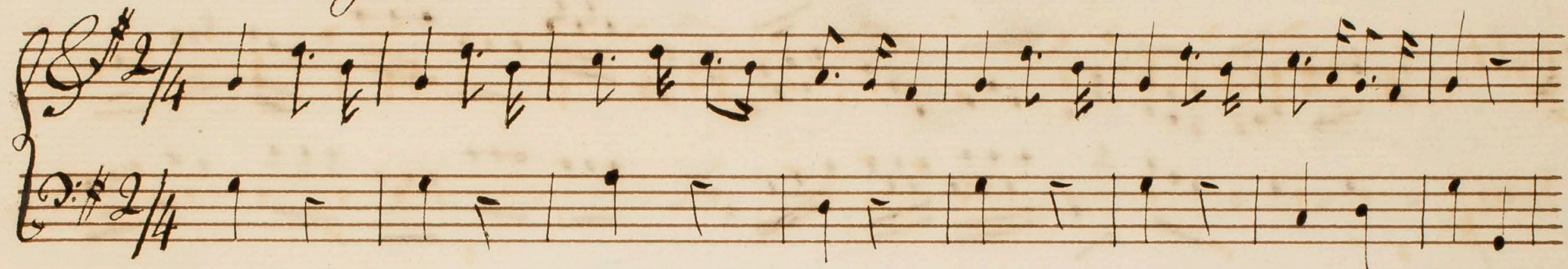
What tho' at morn the tempest howl,  
And round the forked lightning play;  
Ere long the stormy blast is o'er,  
And glad some smile the day.  
The breast that envies other charms,  
Laps pure delight in calm heat,  
And all alive to nature's charms,  
Meets bliss that flies the great. Snatch &c.

When e'er intruding gloom prevails,  
And sorrow prompts the starting tear,  
Kind friendships smile the cloud dispels,  
And softens every tear. Snatch &c.  
Hail, sacred friendship, heavenly power!  
To thee the daily vow shall rise:  
To blithe shall glide the fleeting hour,  
And lead to brighter skies! Snatch &c.

Chor. Da Capo.

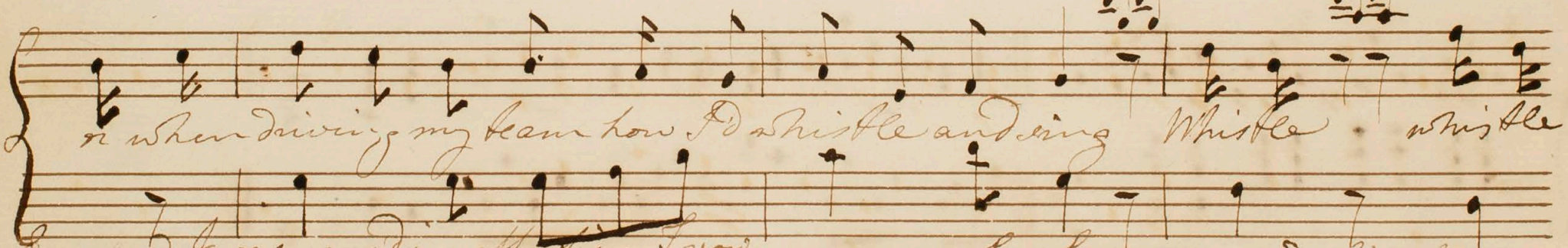
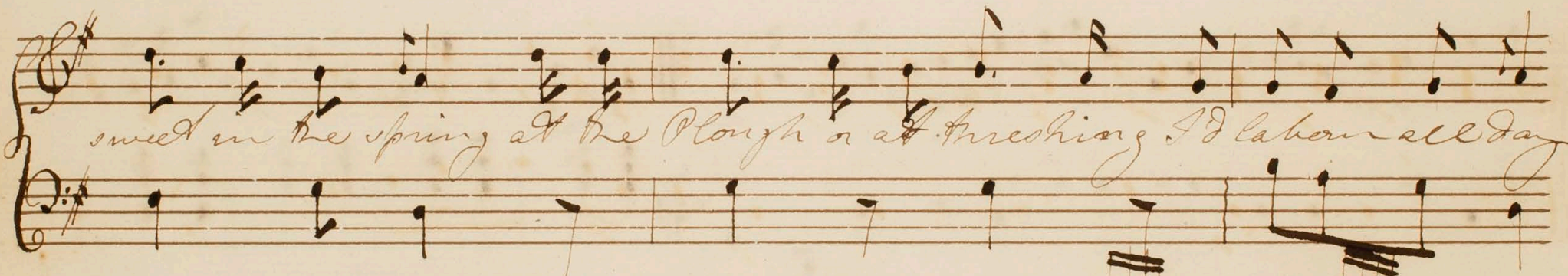
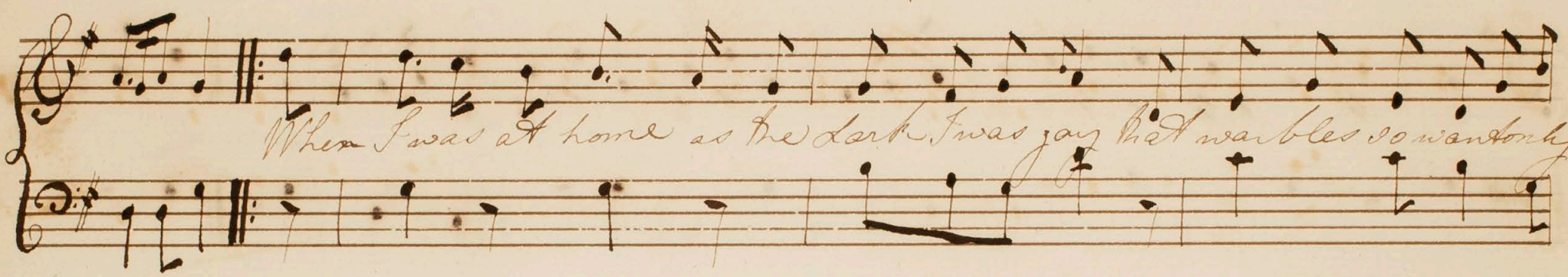


Song in Blue beard.



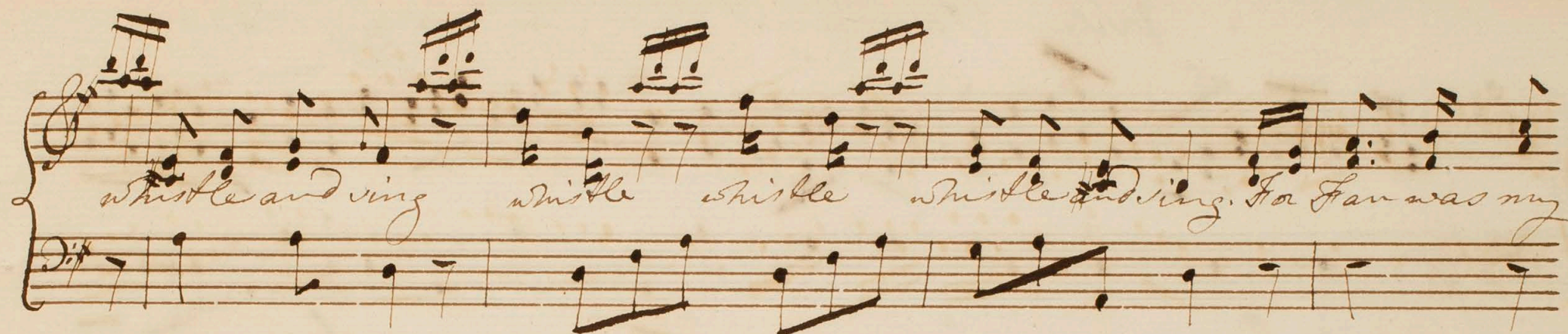


# My journey is love -

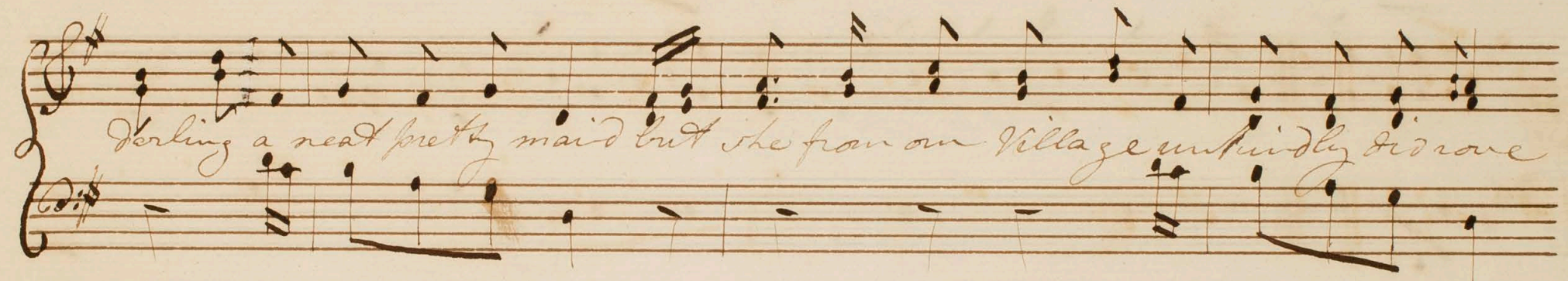


Over head I was rous'd in affection I vow  
 Nor morn noon or night could a gay moment bring  
 At threshing at driving the team or the plough  
 No more the bright day could I whistle or sing.  
 For Sam was my darling &c.  
 He was kind to me once and kind  
 In her ears love lam or tress I'd frequently  
 sing

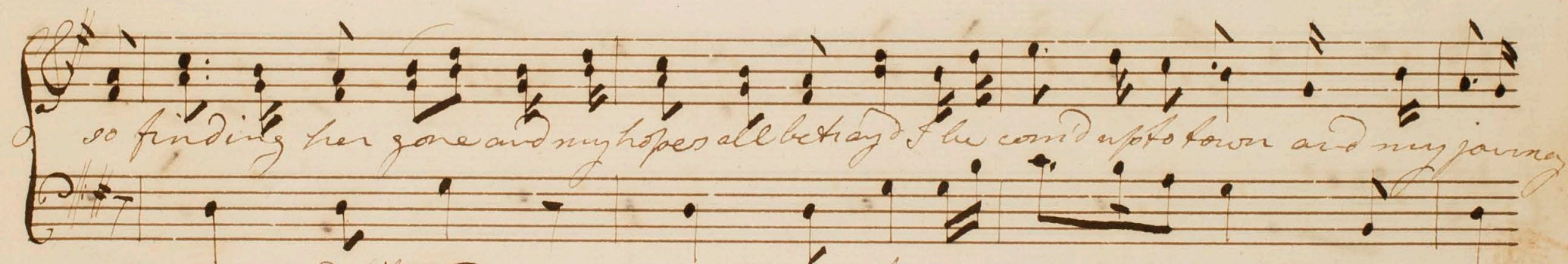




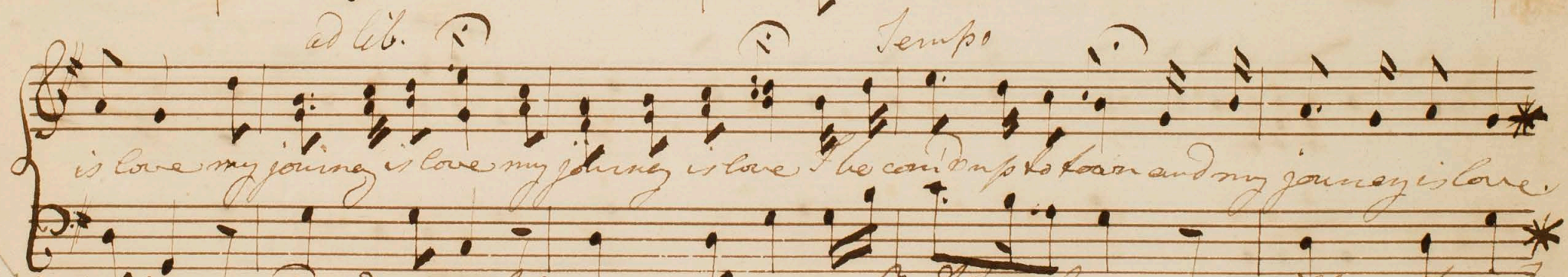
whistle and ring whistle whistle whistle and ring. For Far was my



dearling a neat pretty maid but she from our Village unkindly did rove



so finding her gone and my hopes all betrayed I he came up to town and my journey

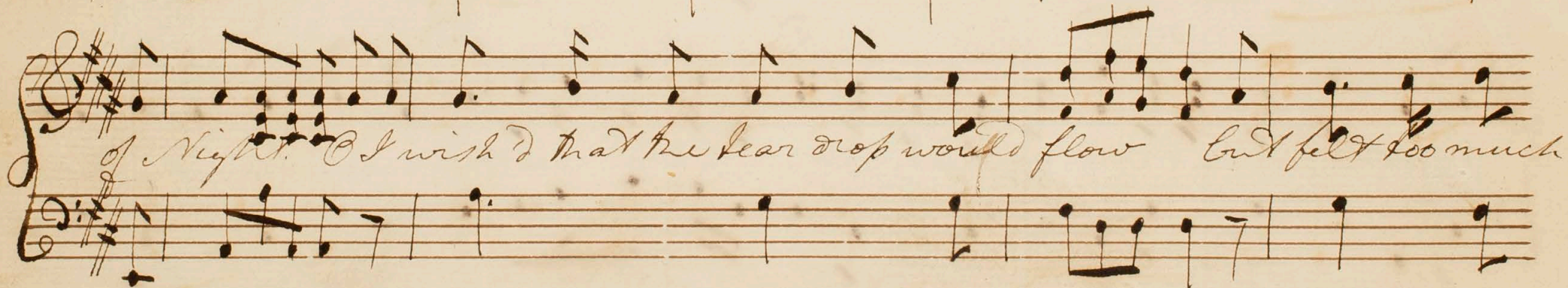
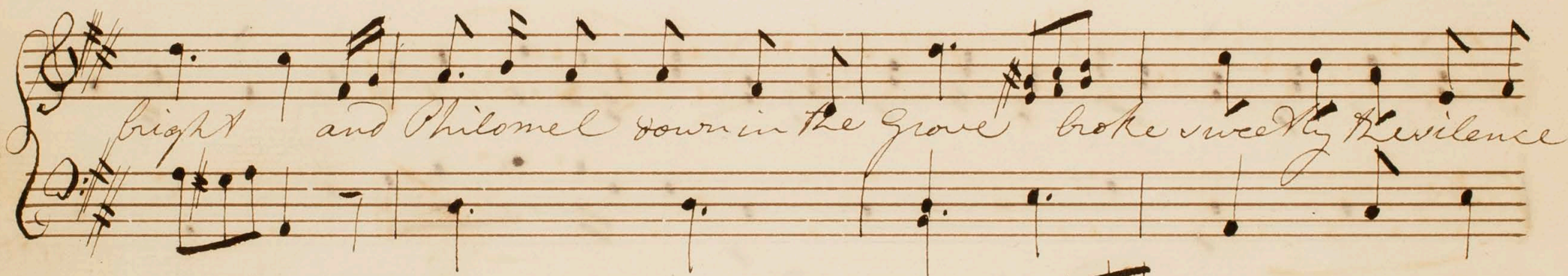
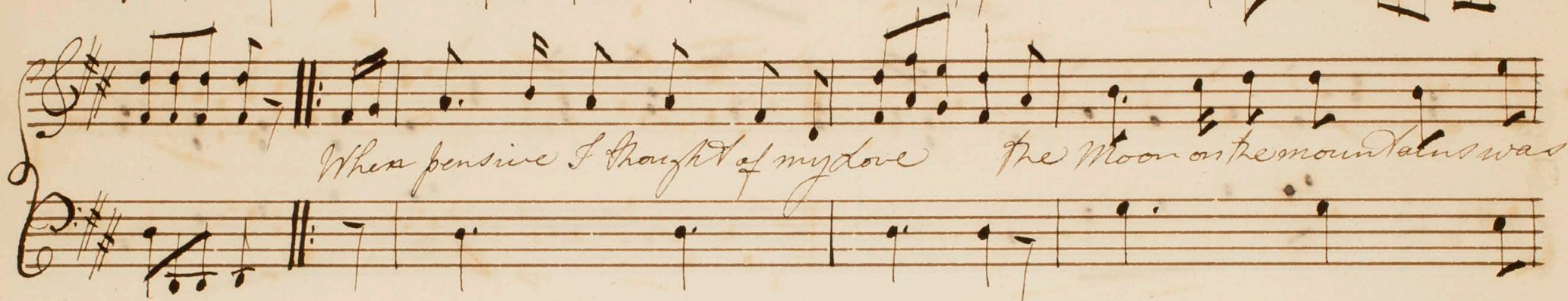
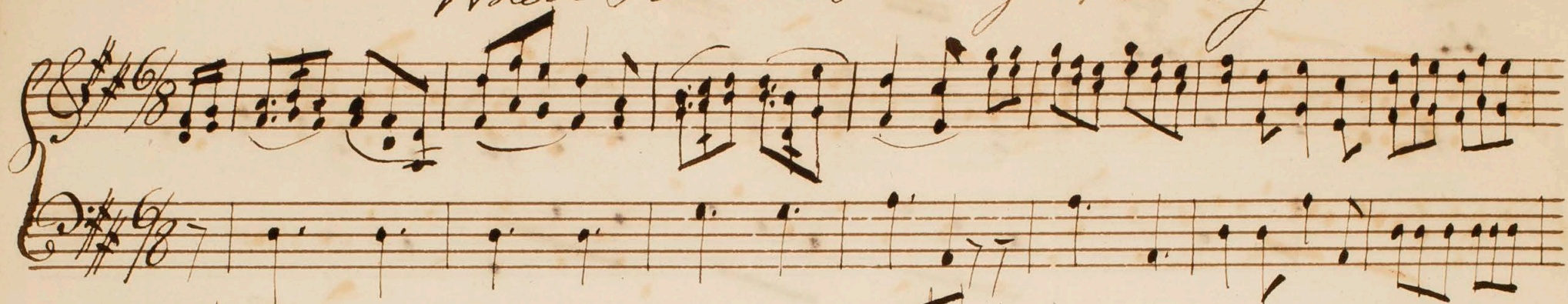


ad lib. Tempo  
is love my journey is love my journey is love I he came up to town and my journey is love.

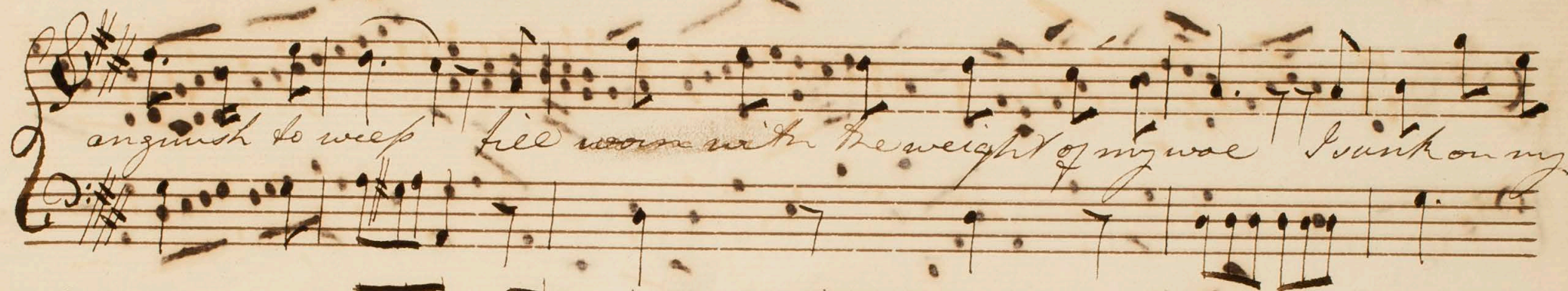
which she would admire I do vow to declare But far from our village far from  
was pleased with the notes that I'd whistle and ring so finding her gone &c. <sup>did rove</sup>  
then I thought her my own pretty maid



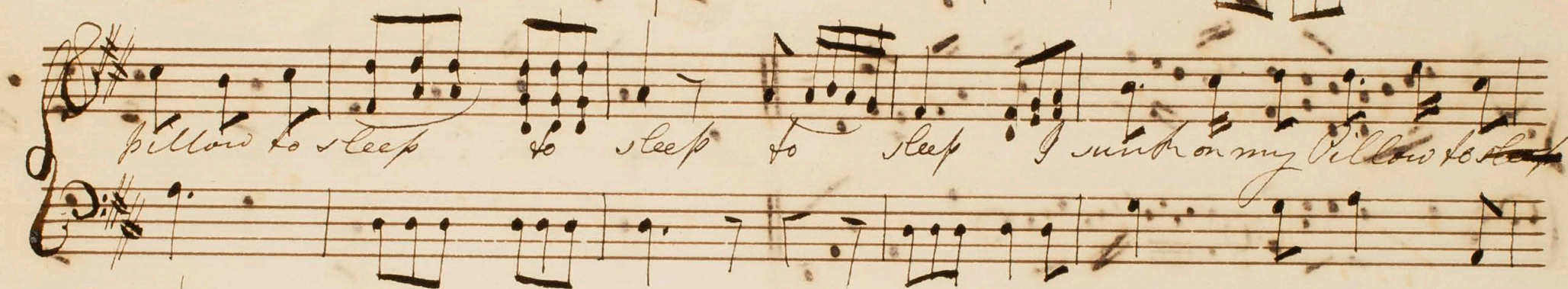
When Pensive I thought on my Love



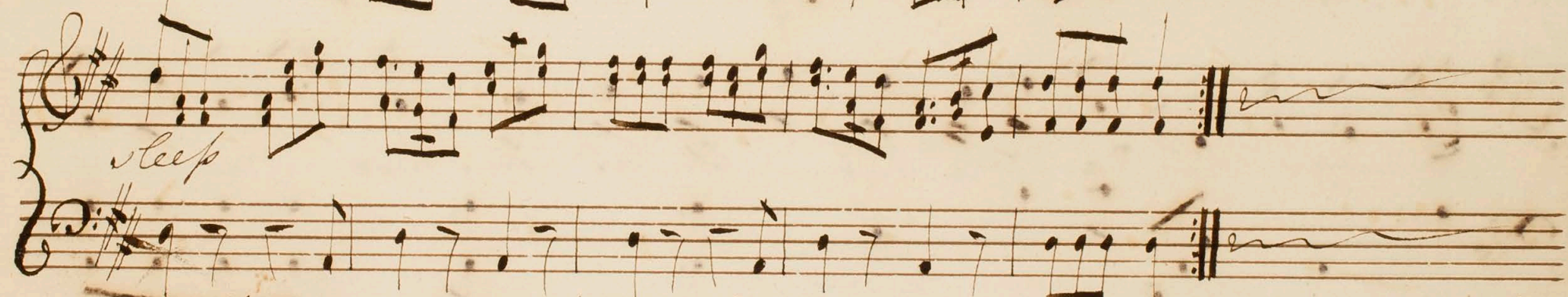




anguish to weep fill room with the weight of my woe I sunk on my



pillow to sleep so sleep so sleep I sunk on my pillow to sleep

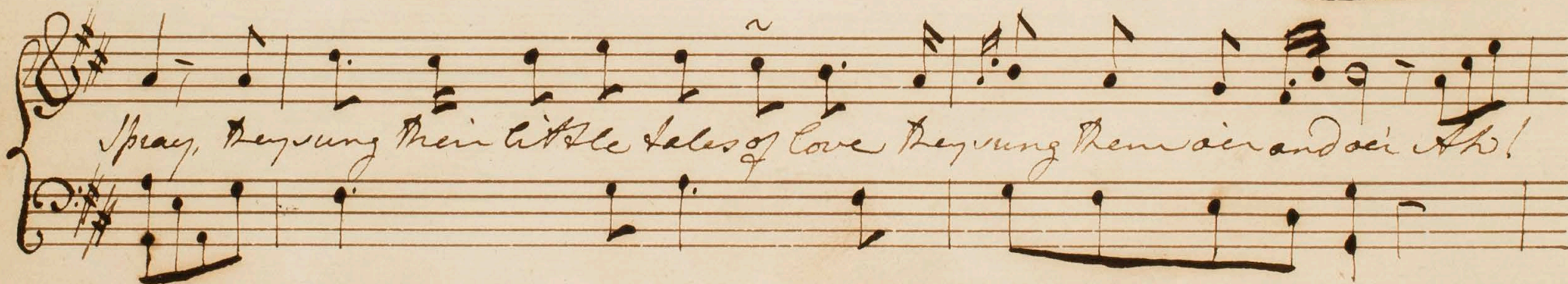
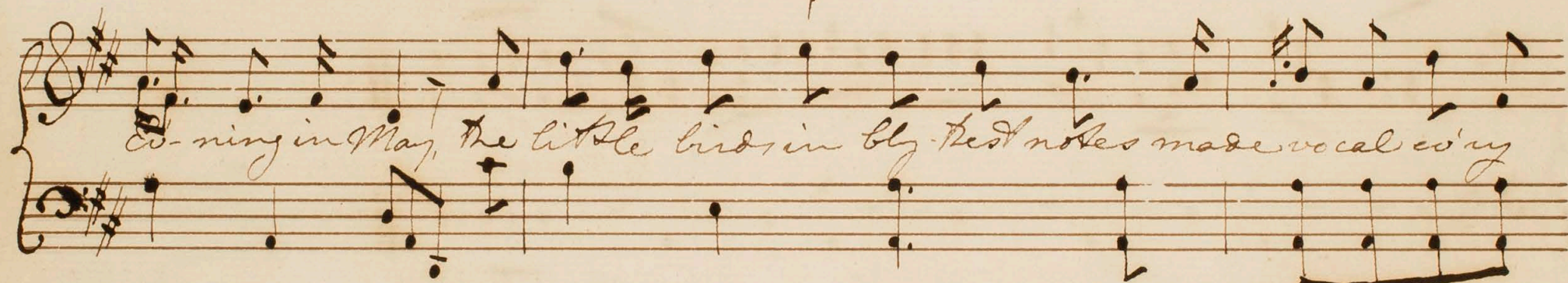


sleep

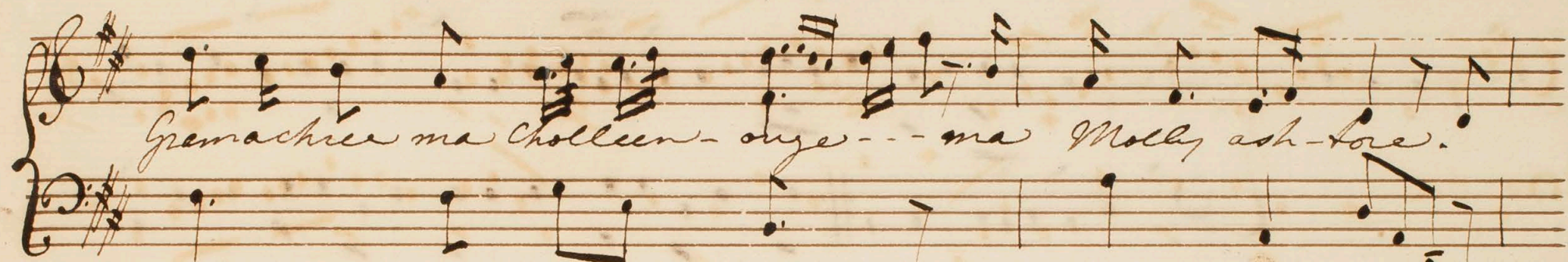
We thought that my love, as I lay, Yes yes my beloved we must part,  
His ringlets all clotted with gore, The steel of my rival was true,  
In the pale eyes of death I seem'd to say, The assassin has struck on that heart,  
Alas we must never meet more, Which beat with such fervour for you.



*An Irish Air.*



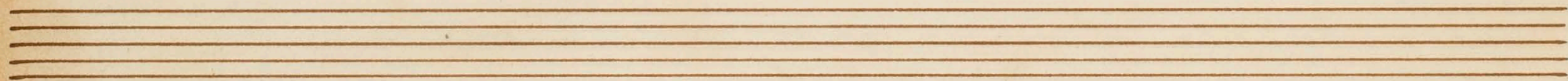
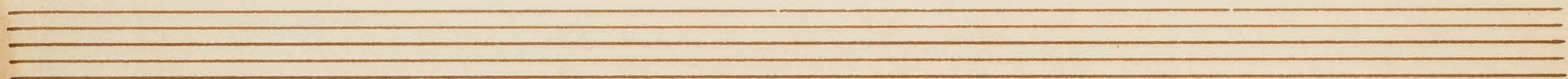
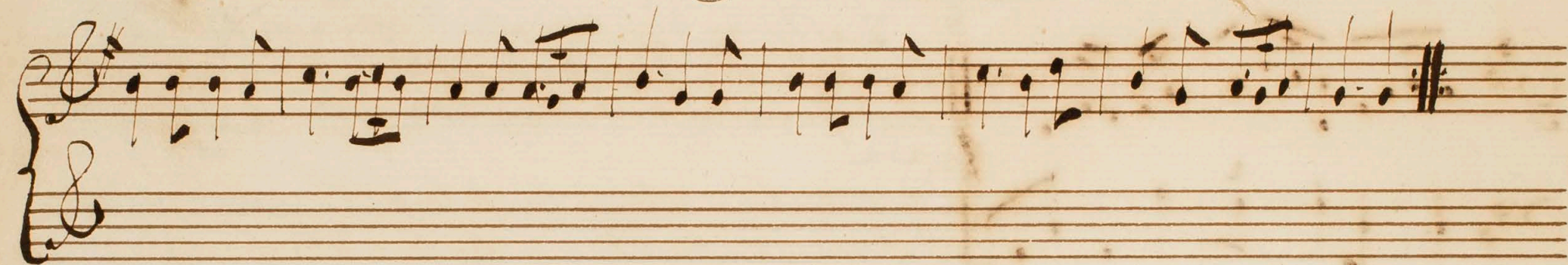
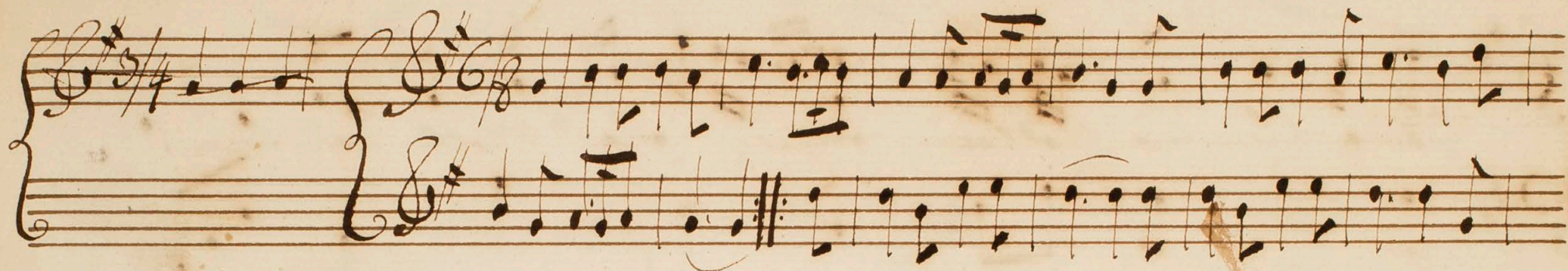




The Daisy py'd, and all the sweet's Deduced of nature  
The primrose pale, the Violet blue, lay scattered on the field  
Such fragrance in the bosom lies, of her whom I adore  
Ah Gramachree  
I laid me down upon a bank bewailing my sad fate  
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Molly's hate,  
How can she break the honest heart that wears her print so  
Ah Gramachree

You said you lov'd me Molly dear, Ah! why did I believe,  
Yet who could think such words were meant but to deceive:  
That love was all I ask'd on earth, may heav'n could give no more Ah Gramachree  
Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,  
Or lov'd for me the numerous herds that yon green pasture fill,  
With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store. Ah Gramachree  
Then fare thee well, my Molly dear, thy loss I ever shall mourn,  
While life remains in the phoebe's heart, I will beat for thee alone,  
No thou art false, may heav'n on thee its choicest blessings pour.  
Ah Gramachree





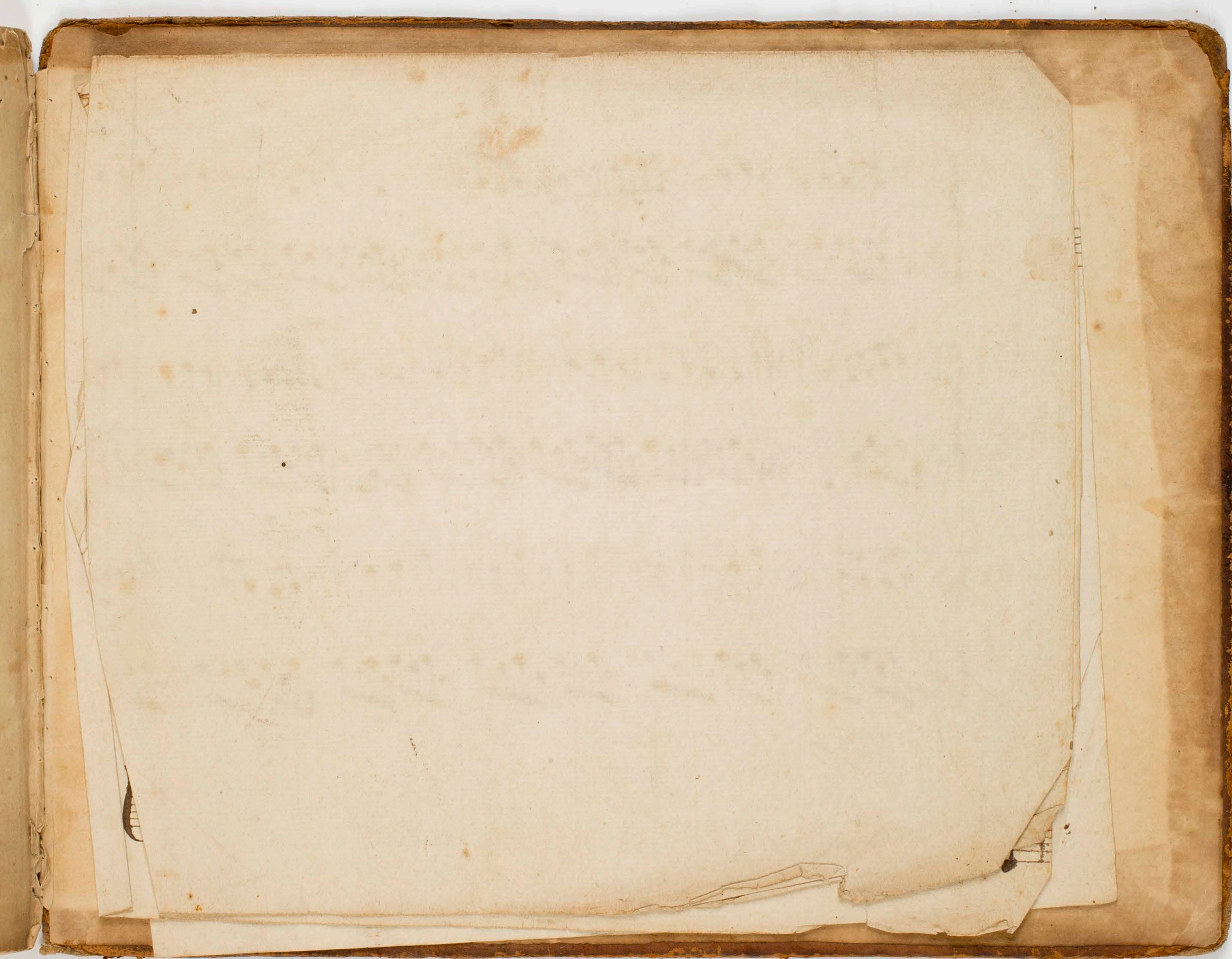


August



What Bard, O Time, discover,  
With wings first made thee move!  
Wh! sure he was some lover  
Who ne'er had left his love!  
For who that once did prove  
The pangs which absence brings  
Tho' but one day,  
He wear away,  
Could picture thee with wings?  
What bard, O L,



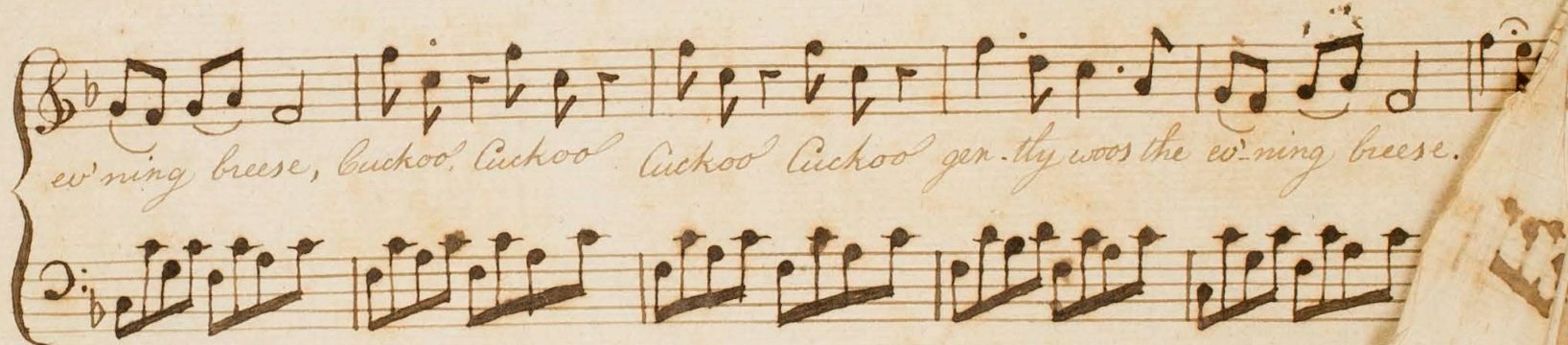
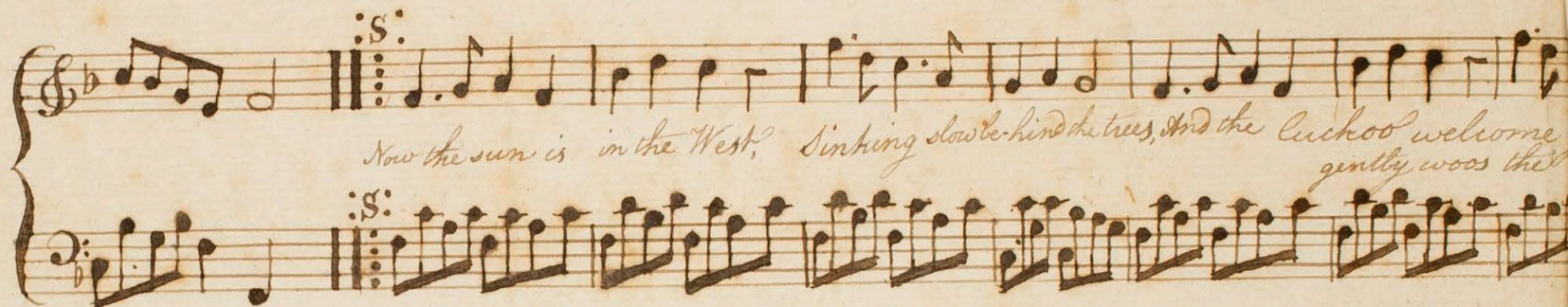
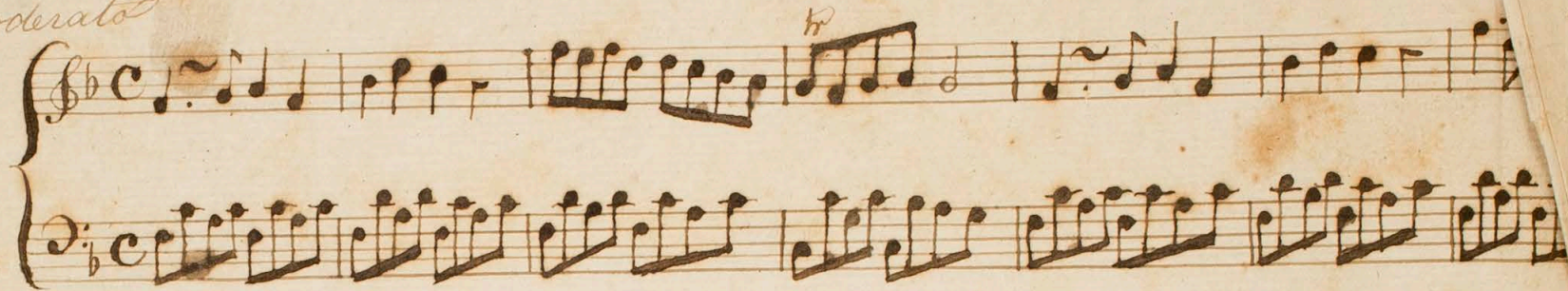




# The Cuckoo.

Moderato

What Bard, O Time  
With wings fire  
Wh! sure he was so  
Who ne'er had left  
For who that one  
The pangs which  
Tho' but one  
He wear a  
Could picture t.  
What bard,





(swift they

Sportive now the Swallows play, light. ly skimming o'er the brook, darting

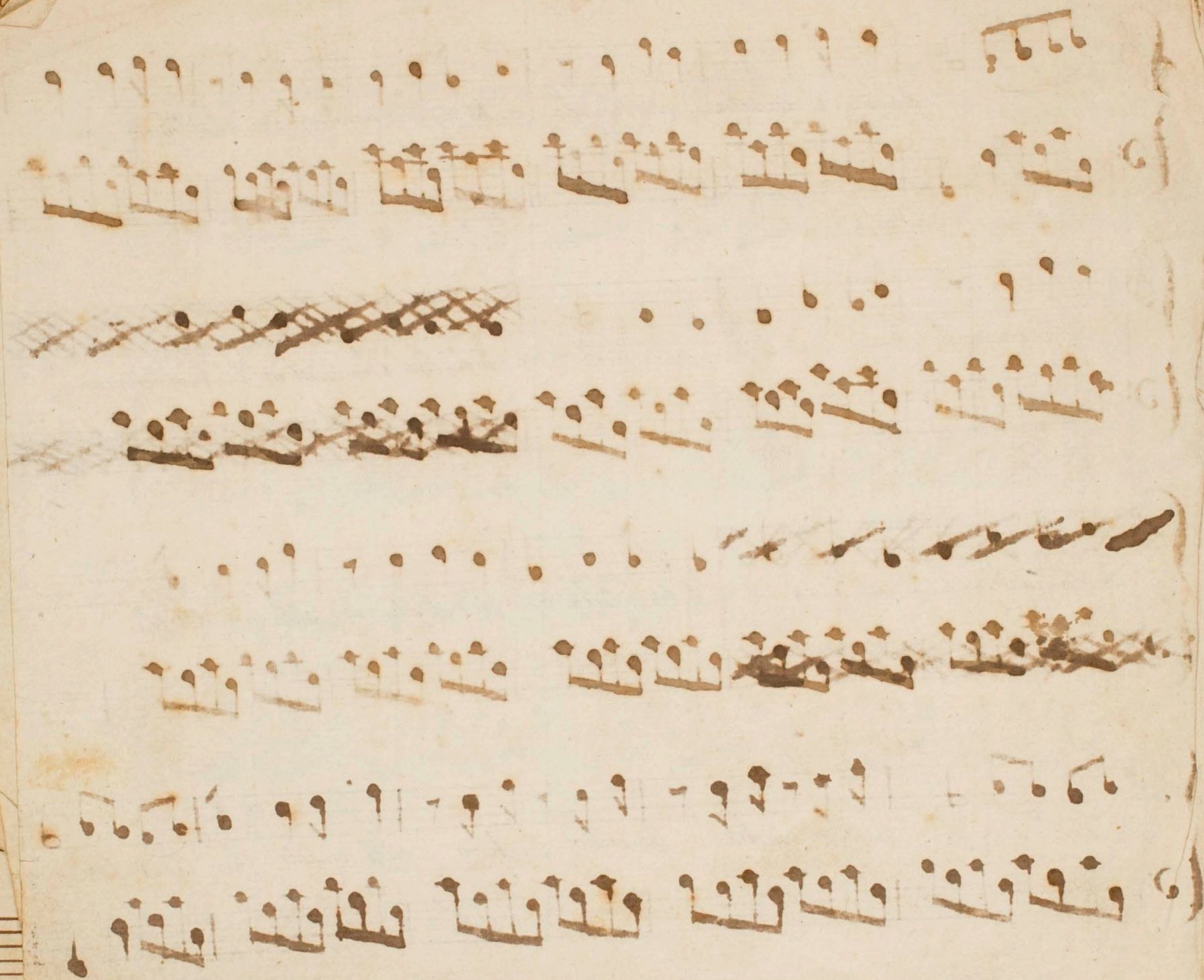
wing their way, homeward to their peacefull nook, whilst the Cuckoo bird of Spring,

still amidst the trees doth sing whilst the Cuck-oo' bird of Spring, still amidst the

trees doth sing, Cuckoo, Cuckoo Cuckoo Cuckoo still amidst the trees doth sing



What Bard, O  
With what  
Wh! sure he  
Who ne'er  
For who  
The pang  
The  
He  
Could pic  
Wha







Cheerful see yon shepherd boy, <sup>2</sup>  
Climbing up the craggy rocks,  
As he views the dappled sky,  
Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks;  
Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!  
Pleas'd the cuckoo's note he mocks,  
Now advancing o'er the plain.

Evening's dusky shades appear,  
And the cuckoo's voice again,  
Softly steals upon my ear,  
While retiring from my view,  
Thus she bids the day adieu,  
Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!  
Thus she bids the day adieu. —



